The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 160. WEEK ENDING NOV. 25TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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I have recommended THE MODERN MAN to my friend whose name I have written in below, and who has purchased this copy.

Your Friend's Name .....

Your Own Name .....

Keep the forms you collect from this and the issues published during the next three weeks, and send them to us between December 12th and 18th. See instructions on page 309.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

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Wanted, Air Gun. State price and condition.—Box 4572, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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Free. Marvellous results gained from my great 5s. 3 months' weight-lifting course. Muscular photos and particulars free. My bar-bells are the most perfect and cheapest ever offered.—T. E. Black, Weight-lifting Champion and Physical Culture Expert, Osmaston Road, Leicester.

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For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 323.

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A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

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Improve your personal appearance. "Concentrated Sunbronze" gives handsome sunburnt appearance; detection impossible. 1s. 1d. 7,050 testimonials. £1,000 guarantee. Interesting particulars free.—Sunbronze Laboratories, Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free, 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 6d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Photo postcards, twelve for 1s. 6d. Send any photo and P.O.—S. H. Robson, 76, Claypath, Durham.

5s. safety razor, post free 6d.—Hill, 19, Luke Street, Leicester.

Money-Making Secrets (400), 1s. 2d.; 500 Veterinary Recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books, 1s. 8d. for advertisement.—M. Porritt, Publisher, Limefield, Bury.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address. Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

25S.—Gent.'s £5 5s. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, 40in. breast, superior quality heavy dark grey frieze, with Tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs, made for motorist by West-End tailor, never worn, great bargain, 25s. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable £4 15s. Tailor-made Dark Brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class tailor; latest West-End cut and finish; splendid quality; breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Never worn. Approval.

25S.—Very Fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, anno 1712, rich mellow tone, with Dodd model Bow and black ebonised Case; suit professional or soloist; sacrifice, 25s.; worth £10; approval willingly.

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The Modern Man

EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street. London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

Among the contents of a new work on cookery there is included a cure for baldness. I wonder if it begins "First catch your *hair*."

* * *

A writer inquires: "What has become of Hilaire Belloc, late of the House of Commons? He took a non-party line. Now he is outside." I don't know whether a non-party line (whatever it may be) is valuable; but I have been told that if a man takes any old thing he goes *inside*.

* * *

A new play is called "The Girl Who Knew a Bit." She should tell the difference between a sixpenny and a threepenny bit, of course.

* * *

An annoyingly self-assertive contributor to a contemporary says that somebody's "plethoric verbosity" gives him "mental vertigo." As vertigo means a swimming of the brain, may I suggest that the scribe in question should study his dictionary more? Otherwise he might find himself suffering from "dental toothache," or some such strange ailment.

* * *

Says the editor of a weekly paper: "I have no idea of Miss Vesta Tilley's age, but whatever it is she doesn't look it." If Miss Tilley's age were "sweet seventeen" the remark would hardly be a compliment.

* * *

Says Mr. Harold Begbie, sententiously: "There's no arithmetic of affection." Often, however, a considerable amount of multiplication results from it.

* * *

Mme. Gaby Deslys recently observed: "My hats are to me what husbands are to other women." With the difference that the hats are put on and the husbands are put upon.

* * *

Thus a shrewd observer called "Holly Berry": "A first baby is a volume, the second a chapter, succeeding ones mere paragraphs." Then, let us hope, there is a full-stop.

* * *

The writer of an article on "The Real Danger of Flying" forgets that the danger lies in inability to do so when in the air.

* * *

That retired officer of the 10th Hussars who retails game in his own shop in South Kensington may be said to move in high society in more senses than one.

* * *

A thoroughfare in Hackney is named Woodbine Terrace. Is it so-called because life there is a fag?

* * *

A contemporary publishes an article on the subject of "How to Choose a Husband." A cynical friend of mine says that as far as possible ladies should avoid choosing a husband who belongs to another woman.

J. S. Cox.

ROWING PHRASES.

SOME OF THE OARSMAN'S EXPRESSIVE TERMS.

Most of us are acquainted with such ordinary rowing terms as "feathering," "beginning," "finish," and so on, but here are some which are not so well known, and may be interesting to rowing beginners.

BUCKETING.—Plunging forward with the body at the finish of the stroke before the arms have been properly straightened out again.

CATCH.—The immediate application of the weight and the power of the leg and body muscles to the oar as it enters the water.

COVERING THE WATER.—A crew covers its water when stroke dips his blade at a nearer point to the winning-post than the eddy made by No. 2's oar in the last stroke.

CUTTING THE BEGINNING OR FINISH.—To start or finish a stroke with the blade uncovered or nearly so.

DIGGING.—To immerse one's blade too deep and to cut the finish (q. v.) because of the difficulty of extracting it again.

HANG.—A momentary pause or hesitation at the end of the "swing forward" previous to the action of dipping the blade into the water.

MEETING THE OAR.—A very bad fault. It consists in bringing the body up to the oar at the close of the stroke instead of drawing the hands strongly and cleanly "into the chest."

OVER-REACHING.—Another fault. You over-reach when you push the shoulders at the end of the come-forward too far out of their natural position. Many beginners do this, thinking they are increasing their reach; but they are only weakening their stroke.

SCREW.—Swinging the body from one side to the other instead of straight backwards and forwards during a stroke. A man who swings towards his oar is said to "screw *into* the boat," and if he swings away from it he "screws *out of* the boat."

CAPS AND FIELD MONEY.

THE AMOUNTS PAYABLE BY A CASUAL FOLLOWER OF HOUNDS.

The age of free sport of all sorts has passed away; the day when something could be had for nothing has long since ended. Regular hunting with most packs entails either a subscription or a contribution to the cap, unless the sportsman is the owner or occupier of land over which the particular pack he hunts with runs.

With foot-beagles and otter-hounds the cap is commonly half a crown—though one or two packs inadvisedly ask for more—and this all strangers must be prepared to pay. In addition, a cap is sometimes taken up at a kill for the hunt-servants or the keepers or water-bailiffs, and into it one is expected to put another shilling.

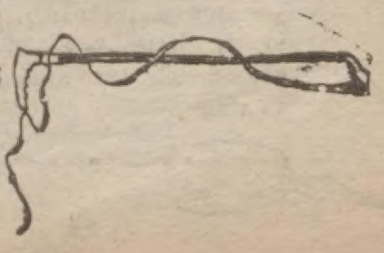
The man who goes out on foot with fox-hounds and stag-hounds will not be asked for a contribution, but he must remember that he ranks as a mere trespasser, and that any land-owner or occupier has a perfect right to stop him and to turn him back, though he will not often do so in a hunting country on a hunting day.

In Ireland a shilling field-money is usually demanded from foot followers, and half a crown from those who ride, generally in addition to any subscription.

At all open coursing meetings a fee is charged for the "card," a printed document detailing the programme, with names and colours of the dogs competing. This card alone gives admission to the lands coursed over, and costs from one shilling at very small meetings to five shillings for the Waterloo Cup meeting at Altcar. Half a crown is a usual charge.

The same system has been adopted by the promoters of field trials for retrievers, spaniels, and gun-dogs generally, and corresponds with the cap out hunting.

The man who hires or is lent a mount for a day's hunting in a country wherein he is a visitor should ascertain beforehand what he is likely to be capped, and have the exact sum ready in a separate pocket. Hunt secretaries have no time to waste, nor can they be expected to carry change. The amount varies from one shilling with remote provincial packs to a couple of guineas with some of the crack hunts; but there are still some of each sort where no cap is taken.



PRECAUTIONS FOR THEIR PRESERVATION DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

Now that the sailing and rowing season has come to a close, the question of snug quarters for one's small craft becomes of moment, if they are not to deteriorate during the winter months.

The greatest enemy of the yacht-owner is mildew. Mildew, which is, of course, a minute form of fungoid growth, arises not only from damp, but principally from lack of ventilation. It will not alone affect the sails and sail-covers, but also the woodwork of small yachts and boats.

BOATHOUSE STORAGE.

The best, and unfortunately most expensive, way in which to care for one's craft during winter is, of course, to stow them away high and dry in a covered boathouse, having first removed all the fittings to an even dryer place indoors. If this be done, the boat will become absolutely dry, and will be more buoyant next season than if she had been left to soak in water for five months or more.

But it is not everyone who can afford a boathouse, and in this case she will have to be drawn up on the mud or shingle above high-water mark at highest spring tides.

If she is only a small rowing dinghey or skiff, it should not be difficult to find storage room under cover for her; but if that cannot be done, she should be capsized and placed on stones or balks of timber that will allow the air freely to reach her interior. If she is a bigger craft, such as a small decked or half-decked cutter or sloop, this will not, of course, be possible.

REMOVING THE BALLAST.

In either case, the first thing to do will be to take out all her shifting ballast, whether this consists of lead or iron half-hundredweights, or bags of sand or pebbles. These should be numbered and stored away. Her interior should then be thoroughly cleaned and tarred. Her bottom, outside, should be scraped and cleaned as soon as she is high and dry, as it is far easier to remove the weeds that cling to it when they are moist than after they have become dry and hard.

The blocks of a sailing boat should be unhooked with the halyards attached, and the name of each halyard written on the blocks belonging to it, the upper and under blocks being carefully distinguished. This will save time and trouble when fitting out again.

The sails are most important. They should be soaked in sea-water before being finally dried preparatory to being stored away, as they will then be less liable to mildew.

It should be remembered that the cotton canvas of topsails and spinnakers is more liable to mildew than is the flaxen canvas of the mainsail and headsails.

PROTECTING THE DECKS.

If the boat is to remain afloat all winter, or is beached in the open, it is imperative to protect the decks from a fall of snow, or they will be hopelessly blackened when the snow melts. First the deck should be well coated with common varnish, or with resin dissolved in boiled oil, and then a sloping roof of hurdles and faggots covered with old canvas should be built over it. If the yacht lies in a river, hurdles should be fastened round the sides to protect them from floating ice. If there is much traffic it may be as well to add a few coir fenders as additional protection.

Smart canvas fenders, as well as lifebuoys and deck-stores generally will, of course, be removed ashore, as will all cushions, cabin-fittings, oars, rowlocks, and so forth. There are as many thieves afloat as ashore, and they cannot be so easily detected.

The mast and spars must be covered with grease and white lead, and the owner should frequently visit his craft —once a fortnight at least—to pump any water out, and open all hatches, skylights, and companions, so as to let in the fresh air and thoroughly ventilate every part of his craft.

F. Mansell Hartley.

CURRENT BOXING.

NOTES AND NEWS FROM THE RINGSIDE.

Sportsmen all over the country have read with dismay the decision of the Birmingham police stipendiary to grant an injunction against Moran and Driscoll. He has consented to state a case with a view to appeal—so even now we don't know what's going to happen.

After the screams against Black v. White contests of late, it comes as mildly humorous to see that a match was successfully brought off at the ring last Monday night between Charlie Knock, the Stratford middle-weight, and Young Johnson, a nigger welter-weight, who will be remembered as having disposed of Gunner Moir in under two rounds. It was a clean bout all through, and Knock was adjudged a winner on points at the end of the fifteen rounds. It is only right to say, however, that he had taken a lot more real punishment than the black boxer.

The next opponent of the Dixie Kid, the black welter-weight, fresh from his victory over Johnny Summers, will be a Bermondsey welter, Young Nipper. The Nipper is good, but I'm rather afraid that in this fixture he has bitten off more than he can chew. Those who have seen the black perform agree with Johnny Summers that the Dixie Kid stands, among welters, in a class by himself.

As a result of his beating by Bob Moha at Boston recently, Billy Papke, the German-American boxer, says he's going to retire from the ring. We've heard this from our Yankee cousins before now (as witness our friend Burns, who, however, is a Canadian), and we shall not be surprised to hear that Papke has fixed up another big bout. If his mind really is made up, however, he is not far wrong, for there is no doubt that he will never again be as good as he was.

"Straight Left."

CURRENT FOOTBALL.

FEARLESS CRITICISMS OF TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

Many good judges who saw the game that Blackburn Rovers put up on their own ground against Bolton Wanderers are of opinion that Blackburn will not be far from the top of the tree in the First League at the end of the season. The match in question rushed them up to fifth place, and if they preserve their present form the betting is big that they will stop there to the end.

The Rovers' success against the Wanderers, by 2—0 to wit, was, let it be noted, due to Simpson, their clever forward, probably more than any other man in the team. He is one of the most unselfish players, and his "centres" are an object lesson in themselves. Chelsea possesses a smart but undoubtedly selfish forward who might learn a lot from Simpson.

Congratulations to Newcastle United on the possession of so redoubtable a goalkeeper as Lawrence. In the match against Middlesbrough, on the latter's ground, he was positively bombarded, but was only beaten once, and that only towards the middle of the second half. The Middlesbrough forwards undoubtedly dominated the game, but to Lawrence the United owe their thanks for the draw of one goal all.

So far Fulham have been none too lucky this season, so it was a distinct satisfaction to their supporters to see them beat Stockport County at Craven Cottage by so decisive a score as 3 goals to 1. The match provided another sensation in the presence at centre-forward for Fulham of a young Egyptian, Hassan Hegazi, who until lately played for Dulwich Hamlet, and has now signed an amateur form to play for the big West London club. He became very popular with the Fulhamites by scoring the first goal before the game was fifteen minutes old.

Hull City jumped to the head of the Second League by virtue of a good win at home over Leicester Fosse by 4 goals to 1. Who would believe that they were beaten only the week before by Wolverhampton Wanderers by 8 goals to nil?

At last Queen's Park Rangers have been beaten, as a result of a topping game at Park Royal against Swindon, when the visitors ran out winners by 3—1. Whereas Swindon were great both in attack and defence, the Rangers were apt at times to be weak in the latter respect. The beating did not, however, deprive the Rangers of the first place in the Southern League, but Swindon were raised thereby to second place.

G. K.

OUR GREAT RECOMMENDATION SCHEME

Handsome Awards for those who will introduce this paper to their friends.

THIS scheme has been inaugurated owing to our constantly receiving letters which say in effect: "I have just become acquainted with your paper, and am delighted with it. I only wish I had known of its existence years ago." We intend that every man in this country shall know of our existence without delay, and we are going to accomplish this by our Great Recommendation Scheme. We want our readers to introduce THE MODERN MAN to all their friends and acquaintances, and we, on our part, shall reward them amply for their trouble.

LIST OF AWARDS.

We have decided to make the following awards, and in order to insure that our readers shall obtain entire satisfaction in every way, we are placing our orders in connection with this scheme exclusively with firms whose announcements are well known to all readers of these pages and who have proved that they can give their customers every satisfaction.

AWARDS 1 to 6.

SIX FOUR-GUINEA OVERCOATS,

made by that well-known firm, Messrs. J. & H. Ellis, 201, Strand, London. Each of the six readers entitled to one of these awards will receive an order from us upon Messrs. J. & H. Ellis for a Four-Guinea Overcoat, and the reader can select whatever style and material he prefers.

He will receive every attention and a perfect fit will be guaranteed to him.

AWARDS 7 to 12.

Six Pairs of One-Guinea Riding Breeches

made by Messrs. C. & G. McKinley, 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C. These breeches will be made to the requirements of the individual readers to whom they are awarded, and will be cut and finished in the first-class style for which Messrs. McKinley are celebrated. A perfect fit is guaranteed.

AWARDS 13 to 18.

SIX OF THE MR. EDWARD ASTON'S COURSES FOR INCREASE OF HEIGHT AND ALL-ROUND DEVELOPMENT.

Mr. Edward Aston, who holds the title of "Britain's Strongest Man," is one of the most up-to-date teachers of Physical Culture, and his courses embody the very latest ideas in this science.

AWARDS 19 to 24.

SIX TROUSER PRESSES,

made by Mr. H. Clipson, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W. These Trouser Presses are made of polished oak, handsomely finished with plated fittings, and are full size.

AWARDS 25 to 60.

THREE DOZEN "LADDIZ" CAPS,

made by Messrs J. Holden & Co., 32, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

These caps embody the "Laddiz" patent spring cushion, which ensures a perfect fit and free ventilation.

Those to whom these caps are awarded will select the size and material they desire.

AWARDS 61 to 72.

These twelve readers will have awarded to them the services of THE NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO., 144/146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W., to the value of 3/6 each.

This company is one of the best of its kind in London, and those securing one of these awards will be entitled to have either a suit or an overcoat cleaned and returned to them free of charge.

EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

All you have to do is to recommend, in the following way, THE MODERN MAN to someone who is not at present a buyer of it. Get him interested in the paper and persuade him to purchase a copy. When he has done so, ask him to cut out the recommendation form which appears on page 306 and to give it to you.

In our issues dated December 2, December 9, and December 16 there will be printed further recommendation forms which can also be used.

When your recommendation forms have been duly filled in, forward them to us along with your name and address, so as to reach us on or before the first post on Monday, December 18. Do not send in the recommendation forms before the fourth one has been published.

Send them all together in one batch, to reach us between December 12 and December 18.

The awards will be given to those who have done most work for the paper in recommending it to new buyers, the highest awards going to those sending us the largest number of recommendation forms filled in, the awards next highest in value going to those sending the next largest number of forms, and so on until all the awards have been distributed.

The names and addresses of those to whom the awards have been distributed will appear in our issue dated January 6 and published on January 1.

We desire it to be thoroughly understood that all these awards will duly be distributed amongst those who participate in this scheme, no matter how small may be the number of recommendation forms sent in by those who enter, but the more forms you send in the more likely are you to come out at the top of the list.

No employee of THE MODERN MAN Ltd. and no one in any way connected with the paper will be eligible for any of these awards.

The entry form which will appear in our issue dated December 16, and which you will be required to sign and to forward to us along with the recommendation forms which you have collected, will bind you to accept the Editor's decision as final in all matters connected with this scheme, and readers may enter for the awards only on that understanding.

No inquiries concerning this scheme will be answered by post, but queries of general interest may be dealt with in the paper.

AN ARTILLERY STORY.

LUMBERING LIZA

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Perched straddle-legged on an obsolete gun that had nosed over many a sweeping tract of English downland and stricken calculation into the heads of countless umpires, Bombardier Terry, smoothing out the football edition, held forth in the artillery drill-hall to various recruits of the 1st Blankshire R.F.A. (Territorial Force).

"As I said," he concluded after praising up half the eleven individually, "it was a good thing for Chelsea, and a two to one victory doesn't half represent their superiority, in my opinion."

"Someone chuck him off that gun and set him up in a grand stand," said one of the group, pinching Bombardier Terry's calf until he squealed. "He knows as much about gun-laying as a hen does. The law of off-side's more his mark."

"Don't you think it. There's no harm in a hobby. Mine's reading football reports. And don't you say anything against it, Tigg, or, take it from me, you'll become unpopular.

"We had a young lieutenant once called Tasker, Tigg. He was a sight handsomer than you. There wasn't anything the School of Gunnery at Lydd could begin to teach him.

"He'd got money and wasn't afraid to bung it down for battery brews, and head the prize list, and all that. Also he could jabber. He could use butter-you-up words, and all the time tell you just where your little faults were situated, providin' you with mental maps of your weakest defences. But he hadn't been rightly apprised of the precise situation of our powder magazine. An' one night at a little battery dinner he drops a shell bang into the middle of it.

"Just then was a period of horrible reforms in the Territorial Force. Everything was going by the board. Our very name had been changed. There was a play on in London about us, showing we were bally brave boys, but inexcusably inefficient. Old fogies were writing to the Press saying that the Saturday afternoons the youth of England spent at football would be better employed soldiering.

"Well, we were soldiers of sorts all right, but we also had a footer team, which had finished off the Yeomanry team, and the Rubber Tyre Brigade, and the Legion of Goodbeersmen, and which was deadly rivals with the local R. G. A., after we had whacked the Royal Naval Preserves.

"Yet at this dinner I was telling you about, and just bang on top of the final for the Services Cup with the R. G. A., hanged if young Tasker didn't go and say that as a battery we were all round obsolete. We put our football before our soldiering for one thing—we went two hundred per cent. madder over winning the Services Cup than beating the best county at artillery practice; for another, our field pieces were absolutely behind the times, and (he added, very charmingly), a cousin of his in the War Office had not only promised to see we were fitted up with a new supply of decent guns, but had arranged for them to replace the others in the next few days.

"Tigg, my boy, you said something sarcastic about football, and you referred to this as a mere gun. Well, that also was Lieutenant Tasker's sin. He said nasty things about footer, and also passed over replacing the guns, without so much as a sort of in memoriam word for the one I'm sitting on now.

"You look at her, Tigg. You cast a glance over our dear old Lumbering Liza. Look at her carriage and the off wheel, first of all. You reckon up how heavy she is to lug up a hill, an' think of the pints of sweat that have poured off our brows on her account.

"Little Joe Baling, the fitter, reckoned she cost him a quid out-of-pocket exes clear. Our battery sergeant-major got a scar for life on his instep when the axle pin came out when we were manœuvring in the north of the county. Teddy Tickle, the trumpeter, who was also a bit of a painter, had to do her all over in new khaki at his own expense, because in a moment of enthusiasm he wrote her pet name all along her pretty nose.

"I don't think there was anyone in the battery who hadn't done something or another for her or been on the sick list because of her little buck-jumpings in action. We came to look on her as a man does who has got a worthy wife difficult to please. I can tell you we had a very warm corner in our hearts for Lumbering Liza.

"The Lieutenant's speech cast a bit of a damper on the evening, but afterwards we sent an unofficial deputation to wait on him on behalf of Liza. But he was adamant about it. He said he felt that new guns would give a fillip to the interest of the battery, which was sadly lacking at the moment. That we agreed to, but pointed out that Liza, even if she took up the most room, was a tangible reminiscence to us. It was there, the funny man of the party said, just to show new recruits that in the old days we had to do some real work.

"All our officers were a fresh draft. There wasn't as much as our late stick-in-the-mud of an old colonel to show him the error of his misdirected zeal. We gathered from the battery sergeant-major that the Lieutenant was fairly set on killing this premier interest in football, and he thought that the fairest way to set about it was to-give us a chance with an entire stock of new up-to-date guns. Quite so—in any other battery but this, where the heaviest and most obsolete gun had grown into a tradition.

"Young Tasker was actually caught measurin' the space she took up, the followin' night, and he said to the smart young chap that caught him (that was me), 'We could get two of the new pattern in this gun's room.'

"It wasn't the place o' the brilliant non.-com. I've mentioned to make reply. He simply followed him to the orderly room, as subsequently instructed, and took from him the orders for the following week, which fixed a drill in the hall with the new guns on the Saturday afternoon of our match with the R. G. A.

"That evening he went about asking for volunteers to fetch the new guns in from the station on that Saturday afternoon, and all you could hear were remarks to the effect that no one present wanted to do Carter Paterson out of a job.

"Some one turned out the lights at the finish, and there was a tiny tin hell on wheels for about five minutes, and all you could hear in the blank darkness was 'you get out,' 'You're in the wrong place,' 'I'm s'posed to be on top of the gun,'—and so on.

"In a couple of minutes, actin' on the whistled signal, Bombardier Spanshot, who is an electrician by trade, turned on the main switch of the top lights of the hall and showed the Lieutenant a pretty tableau—all of us round this gun, with me standing right up like Britannia in a patriotic living picture in a hippodrome. I tell you it was great. But did it stir the heart of our officer? Not it!

"The Lieutenant looked at us for about ten minutes, until I thought my legs 'ud crack with this living statue business. Then he waved his hand and said we need not stand there in discomfort any longer, because we weren't watching a football match. Now, that was what I call nasty.

"Our Sergeant-major explained his smile subsequently. He said that he had rung up the Colonel at the R. G. A. Barracks, and found that he was sending a detachment of men down to meet the train bearing the new supplies from Woolwich for themselves and our guns, and would be only too pleased to have our new guns trundled along and dropped en route. On the way to the station this fatigue party of obliging blighters could also call for our guns that were to go back to store. The Lieutenant said 'Thank you' to that.

"Well, this, we reckoned, had placed the lid thereon. So, fairly sick at heart, we all disregarded the drill notice and lounged down to the footer match, seeing that as it never rained, except it poured, the R. G. A. would be sure to pile a dozen goals on top of us to nix.

"In our pockets, too, were our resignations, neatly written out. Without Lumbering Liza to reminis over, we

didn't see where we were going to uphold our dignity with future generations of recruits. There wasn't a yarn even of the battery sergeant-major's—and he was about a pound in hand of Ananias—that a chip, a scratch, a gouged out spoke, or a mark o' some sort couldn't confirm or fit in with neatly somehow or the other. That was one of the uses Lumbering Liza was to us.

"It's a funny thing, but on the way to the footer match several of us got blushin' red when we made excuses to pass the hall, and, jumpin' up to one of the big windows, get a last peep at old Liza. It was wonderful the pipes and cigarette cases we wondered if we'd left on her carriage the previous drill night.

"The first half of the match was a perfect misery. The R. G. A. just walked round us, and did nothing but pot at our goal. They got a couple of goals with shots that our keeper could well have stopped had not the spring been taken all out of him.

"Just in the interval the players heard a yell from all our spectators. The buryin' party—you couldn't call the impression it gave you by any other name—were just passing with poor old Liza, who was shrouded in sacking for transit to her final resting place, the scrap heap at Woolwich.

"We called out to our team that Liza was passing, and with one whoop they were over the fence and out of the ground.

"Wooshter! there. Booshter! here—and arms all going like windmills, and as fine a scrum as ever you saw in Rugby football was a-raging round Lumbering Liza.

"'Rescue the First Battery! Lum—ber—*ing Li*—za!' they were yelling, 'Rescue the First!'

"We hurled ourselves into the thick of it; we chopped this way and that. A small party waited in the rear, dashed in at the right minute, bagged the ropes, and started off with the gun at the double.

"But what was play to us was serious to the Regulars. To admit they'd been whacked by a parcel of Terriers would never have done. We found we had to drag the gun against the opposition of the hefty R. G. A. eleven who, politely apologisin' for thus bashing the opposing team, pointed out that it was duty and let fly.

"Right in the thick of it the Lieutenant suddenly appeared, calling on us all to cease fire.

"He jumped on top of the gun, called us all dam' good chaps, and said we'd proved that deep down in our hearts the soldiering *was* first. He said he didn't object to our keeping football as a hobby.

"'And what about Lumbering Liza?' we yelled.

"'Keep her too—if you win the match!' says the little sportsman. 'And hanged if I won't build an extension to the drill hall for her, if necessary. Men of the R. G. A.—right about turn. Mar—r—ch,' he says."

Bombardier Terry brought down his hand with a sounding smack above the breach of the gun.

"We bound the Cup very securely on here," he said, "and dragged it and Lumbering Liza—bless her old khaki nose—home."

WRESTLING STYLES.

Although they are comparatively unknown outside the districts concerned, there are several distinctive styles of British wrestling, which compare quite favourably with the Græco-Roman and other styles so dear to the heart of the music-hall wrestler.

For instance, consider the Cornish and Devonshire method. The men, strangely enough, wear strong linen jackets, which, by the way, it is quite permissible to catch hold of.

One of the favourite dodges in this style is to slip one hand up the other man's back under his jacket, to pass the hand over his shoulder and grab the collar on the other side of his head—a proceeding which admits of a delightfully tenacious grip. Kicking with heavy boots was at one time allowed in Cornwall and Devon, but nowadays bouts are wrestled in stockinged feet.

Lancashire wrestling is pretty openly acknowledged to be the most barbarous known, for the men are allowed to catch hold practically as they please. They can do almost anything except scratch, throttle, pull each other's ears, *or commit any unfair act.* The italics are ours, but serve to point out that if some of the things the writer has seen in Lancashire are fair, he would like to know what *is* unfair.

HIGHLAND PRIDE

INSIGHT FOR THE UNAPPRECIATIVE SAXON.

Highland pride is one of those abstract and unsubstantial things that no Englishman will ever be able to analyse or explain. He may recognise its existence and realise its effects, but he will never know "where to have it," nor how to guard against its unexpected appearance when least required.

It is a quality inherent in the Gael, both man and woman. It is not a stupid pride, though its manifestations are frequently unreasonable from the Saxon point of view, and often it is aroused by apparently trivial circumstances.

NO OFFENCE AT CRITICISM.

Mere criticism of the traditions, habits, and customs of the race does not offend it. The Englishman who says he does not like a Highlander, or something that is his, does not thereby earn his undying hatred and risk being shot in the back from behind a hedge.

Its origin may possibly lie in the fact that every true born member of a Highland clan is in theory and in fact of the same blood as his chief, and therefore a gentleman, whatever his calling or occupation in life may chance to be.

Some few years ago an Englishman purchased a small estate in the Highlands, and then went round the world, returning with a title alleged to have been conferred upon him by some native potentate. This, for practical purposes, he translated into that of "Lord," and appended the name of his Highland property by which he was colloquially called in accordance with the well-known Highland custom as to proprietors of estates.

LORD B—— AND THE CHIEF.

He travelled North in a reserved compartment with great pomp, attended by a native servant and with all his luggage labelled with printed cards inscribed "Lord B——." At Perth he left the train, and on returning to it, found that two persons had taken seats in his reserved compartment. He called a guard and had them turned out, though they were one of the great Highland chiefs and his wife. Naturally, the chief wanted to know for whom he had been compelled to vacate his seat, and he was well aware that there was no such peer as "Lord B——." The Highland pride took fire, and the county was very soon made too hot to hold the bogus "Lord B——," who was glad enough to get rid of his estate and retire to foreign parts.

I once met in the South a sportsman who had rented a moor in Argyllshire for a season, and never wearied of abusing it and the ghillies he had hired with it, attributing to them qualities which I had never seen in any ghillie. A year or two afterwards I happened to shoot over the same moor and mentioned the former tenant's name. At once I was met by an indignant recital of the Englishman's shortcomings, from which I had little difficulty in discovering that he had roused their Highland pride, not so much by expecting them to do things that they were not accustomed to do, but by his manner of ordering them to perform such duties, as though they were bound to.

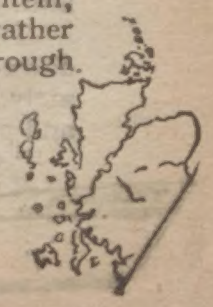
SOLDIERS AND THE KILT.

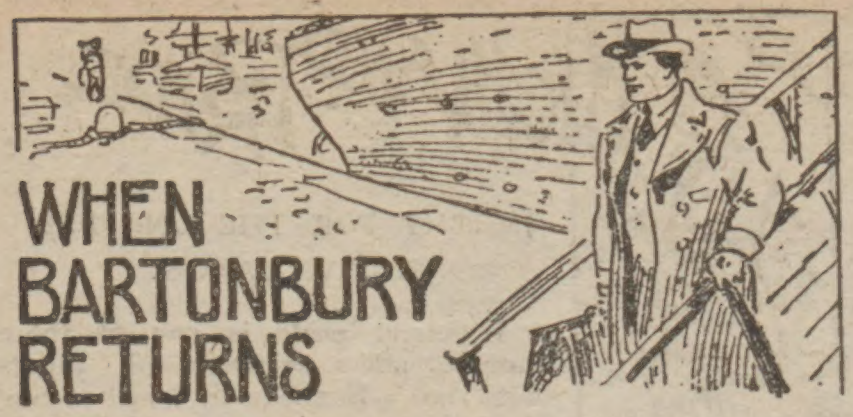
One of the chief arguments against appointing English officers to Highland regiments has always been that they do not understand this quality of pride inherited by the Gaels. The business of the Wild McRaes and the trouble consequent on the attempted drafting of the 79th, or Cameron Highlanders, was due to the same cause, which in later days has shown itself in the outbursts of popular Gaelic opinion whenever the English War Office has suggested the abolition of the kilt.

I heard a sergeant in the Black Watch at Bloemfontein, during the South African War, say that he'd much rather be shot in his tartan kilt than escape unhurt through wearing the foolish khaki apron served out to him.

Highland pride could go no further.

Angus Mackenzie.





WHEN BARTONBURY RETURNS

A STORY OF ANTICIPATION.

By NELSON TAYLOR.

It is five years and over since Bartonbury went to Canada, and much has happened in the interim—as much as happens to most people, I suppose, in a similar length of time, or perhaps a little more.

It is five years and over since he went off by train on that cold spring morning, with a brand new kit-bag (our present from the office), and a jaw set square and hard with the memory of his parting from his mother.

Whatever else Bartonbury was—and he was many things, in the opinion of divers people—there was this one bright unsullied spot on his escutcheon—his devotion to his mother. They were simply wonderfully understanding of each other, those two.

So she didn't see him off (because a man's endurance is not so great as a woman's in certain matters), and only I did.

He never made many friends, did Bartonbury. He had an ironical twist to his lips which seemed to have permanently settled there, and he had a curious way of looking at people, allowing his eyes to rest on them with a slow critical deliberation which was manifestly disconcerting.

Animals were his particular object of affection; indeed, almost all live stock. He was continually spending more money than he could afford on dogs and pigeons and prize rabbits and guinea-pigs, and his garden at home was a conglomerate aviary, kennel, and poultry farm, with brilliant-plumaged birds chasing each other among the bushes at odd surprising moments.

As for women, he liked them not wisely but too well. And all women, it seemed, liked Bartonbury. And Bartonbury went to Canada.

* * * * * * *

But that, at the moment, is not what I want to dilate upon. Bartonbury is coming back.

He is not coming back for good, because things in the Old Country are too bad for that, but he is coming back for five or six months to take the first holiday he has had in five years.

And he is going to stay with me.

I have been speculating rather doubtfully as to what I am going to do with him. He is a big-framed man, requiring a considerable amount of space. A remark in one of his earlier letters comes back to me. "You remember those shirts we bought at ——'s? I got 'em a couple of sizes too big in case of accidents. Now, instead of a stud, I have to fasten them at the neck with a string or they wouldn't go round at all!"

And my flat only consists of two rooms—and small rooms at that!

Besides, Bartonbury is one of those men who are never satisfied until they have appropriated the best of everything. It is an enviable gift which all of us wished we possessed. He takes it for granted that all that life can give him is his by incontestable right, no other explanation being needed to account for his solid success in the Colonies.

I know what will happen immediately he takes up his quarters with me. There is, in my sitting-room, a deep, very comfortable armchair. No other chair in the room can compete with it for ease and luxurious tranquillity. I sit in it myself at present.

When Bartonbury comes he will stand and look about him. "Pretty snug!" he'll say.

Then still in his huge travelling overcoat, he'll sit himself down in my best armchair. He'll look round again deliberately, and then feel in the depths of his pocket for his pipe and pouch.

"Chuck us a match, Sammy," he'll say; and that's all there'll pass about it. For five or six months I shall have no further acquaintance with that yielding, homely seat (except in periods of lonely solitude), and when he has gone back I shall eye it with sadness and regret. For by then it will have transferred its allegiance.

Ditto with the sleeping accommodation. There are two beds—one which I reserve for myself and the other for the benefit of any visitor who may drop in and refuse to go till the morning.

Bartonbury will commandeer the larger and more comfortable bed as a matter of course; and already in imagination I can hear the protesting creak of the spring mattress and the groan of the whole structure as he turns from one side to the other.

He'll use my hair brushes and blunt my shaving tackle, and wear out my slippers—unless they're too small for him.

And there'll be a reek of cavendish in the rooms, and everywhere a disorganising litter. And no work will be done, in its place a no doubt pleasant but exceedingly expensive idleness prevailing. And all day long we shall sit or walk, and smoke and talk, and ditto long into the night, himself in my best armchair and my own self wherever I like to stow it.

He is coming at the end of the week. The boat is due on Saturday or Sunday. I shall not go to Liverpool to meet him (he considers it unnecessary), but I shall stay in my rooms till his wire comes, and then, I suppose, I shall go to the station.

He will have altered considerably: I am prepared for that. Men change in five years, especially in the Colonies. But there will be no difference in the heart in his breast; and his hand-grip, I will wager, will be no weaker than before.

I'm tolerably glad, after all, that he is coming.

THE FUEL GATHERER.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE FROM THE COMMON.

There are no railings round "the common"; no uniformed men, with brass numbers on their collars, to keep it in order; no printed regulations for the proper use of the place.

Its very boundaries are vague and uncertain. Where it ends and private land begins seems a matter of indifference to all.

You come upon the common gradually. Cultivated fields, and cattle pastures give way to rough ground, until there are no more hedges to mark off one field from another, and you are on "the common."

It is highly probable that nine times out of ten you will be the only human creature there. The hundreds of acres of rough land, true forest land, never redeemed for cultivation, are yours to enjoy without let or hindrance.

It is a stormy day, but yesterday was worse. The gale has abated to a strong blow.

Knowing the effects of the gale, there is unusual activity on the common on the part of one man. He is to share its openness to-day with you, but he has not come to watch the long roll of the clouds or to fight the wind.

He knows that after yesterday's gale there will be much dead wood lying about, and that if he is not on the spot soon, some other fuel gatherer will reap the harvest of the winds.

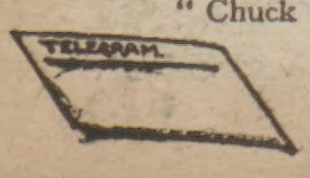
He takes no notice of your presence. Over his back is slung a big, irregularly-built faggot of the wood, slung in a slip-knot of thin rope. Very leisurely he moves about the common, bearing his burden with him.

He quarters the ground with a dull sort of idea as to how he will not miss any clump of trees. If you watch him you will revise your estimate of his dullness, for he misses no spot that gives any promise of a fallen branch.

The slow and sure method of all countrymen is his, too. He seems never to be doing very much, and yet in an hour he is burdened with a huge load. He is like the hands of a clock that never seem to move and yet make a complete circle of the dial.

Just when you are about to go to him and talk he is making off to his black weather-boarded shanty of a cottage. Follow him and you will see he has made provision for the winter. There is wood everywhere. It is piled and stacked and packed into every corner of his garden.

For what he most dreads is not the lack of food in winter, but the misery of life without a "bit of fire."



How to Start a Miniature Rifle Club

PRACTICAL TIPS AS TO COST, ORGANISATION, AND EQUIPMENT.

There would be many more miniature rifle clubs than there are—and from a patriotic point of view their present number is shamefully small—if people knew how to set about forming them.

The average man, however, who thinks of learning to shoot, but is not within reasonable distance of a range, is apt to boggle at the trouble of promoting a miniature rifle club, and also to be afraid of being let in for heavy expenses.

Of course, anything is a trouble if you like to make it so, but there is no need to be alarmed at the thought of expense, though necessarily much depends on circumstances.

To erect an outdoor range along Piccadilly, or an indoor one in the lounge of the Carlton Hotel would be a hobby for a millionaire, but in country districts, for example, you should be able to fit up a good outdoor or indoor range for a £5 note.

ORGANISING.

As to the preliminaries of forming an M.R. Club, they do not differ from those of promoting any other kind of sporting club.

You want an energetic organiser, and he in turn requires a chairman, secretary, treasurer, and captain—one of which offices he will probably fill himself—and sufficient members, or promises of membership, to form a nucleus.

The next step is to secure a president, who should preferably be a local man of influence and of generous disposition, which brings us to the next step of raising the money to build the range.

The amount required may be anything from £5 to £500, but the thing is to find out exactly how much will be needed and to leave a bit over for emergencies.

Members' subscriptions will provide part of the capital, but for the rest you will probably have to go round with the hat.

SUITABLE SITES.

On this point I will merely say that, if properly approached, a man will often lend money when he would not give it. In this case you must undertake that not only will the range be self-supporting, but that a profit will be made on ammunition, etc., for the repayment of such debts within a stated time.

In regard to outdoor ranges, a very suitable site is along a railway embankment, the butts jutting out at right angles to it.

Here you might get three ranges of 25, 50, and 100 yards, but for a start you will probably have to be content with a 25 yards range. Remember that in no case should a range be less than 15 yards, for it then ceases to have any practical teaching value.

A disused chalk or gravel pit is another good place for a range, or you may be able to place your targets against a hill. Remember, by the way, that whenever possible the targets should face south, so that the sun is always behind the firers.

ARTIFICIAL STOP-BUTTS.

If possible, too, there should be no trees or houses liable to cast shadows over the range, though the blank wall of a house might be used as a natural stop-butt.

As a rule, however, an artificial stop-butt will have to be provided, and for a 25-yards range this should be at least 12 feet high, and, assuming you are going to have eight targets, 30 feet wide.

It should be made of a double casing of weather boards, with ashes or sand in between them, and sealed with concrete.

Where the majority of the bullets will strike, that is, between three and four feet from the ground, the stop-butt should be protected by a band of steel plate an eighth of an inch thick and about a foot wide, and this in turn should be faced with wood backed with sand or ashes.

Target apparatus, and all manner of mechanical devices for changing the targets can be bought ready-made, but you should be able to fit up the targets for yourself.

Indoor ranges can be constructed in lofts, barns, basements, corridors, in fact, almost anywhere.

The stop-butt need not be so high as out-of-doors, but it must be equally bullet-proof.

Further, any windows, skylights, or other openings through which a stray bullet could escape, must be protected.

In the case of side or top windows, a bullet is not likely to strike these end on, and wooden shutters will suffice; but any opening behind the targets must be completely covered by the stop-butt.

FITTINGS AND RIFLES.

For lighting I prefer incandescent to electric. Your stock of rifles will depend on your funds, but for a start you can do with four rifles—say two converted Martinis and two converted Lee-Metford carbines. You further want, say, 1,000 targets and 5,000 rounds of ammunition.

In an indoor range it is a great convenience to be able to pull the targets back to the firing-point. Some mechanical genius among you can fix this, or you can buy such an apparatus ready made from or through, like all other accessories, the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, Arundel Street, W.C.

To return to the forming of the club. Its success must depend greatly on the officials, and one secret of smooth and progressive working is to have a competent man for each job, and to let him attend to his business, and his business only.

A club which is run by a sort of Pooh-Bah, who is captain, secretary, treasurer, and overseer all in one, is rarely successful.

THE OFFICIALS' DUTIES.

The captain should deal with the arranging of matches, the exchange of targets in post matches, select the team and be generally responsible for the care of the rifles.

It is not at all necessary that he should be the best, or one of the best, shots in the team. Indeed, it is better that he should be only a moderate performer, for during a match he has many things to see to, looking after the visitors, and so on, and this would be fatal if much depended on his shooting.

The secretary should be a man of business habits. Apart from his purely clerical work, he is responsible for maintaining a sufficient supply of ammunition, targets, and so on.

The overseer is responsible for the maintenance of the range, butts, etc., and should be allowed a certain monthly sum to spend on upkeep and repairs.

There should also be a caretaker, and an old soldier is the best man for this job.

Finally, give the club a good send-off. Get some local big-wig to open the range, and invite as many pretty girls as possible. This will rope in the laggards.

H. B. Fuller.

SPORTING HOAXES.

Quite recently some of our very shrewdest golfers were amusingly hoaxed in a friendly match between amateurs representing art and literature on a well-known golf course.

The artists prevailed upon a crack professional to make himself up as a Norwegian professor, which he did with the greatest success, completely hoodwinking all but the one or two men who were in the know. One, indeed, photographed the prodigy in several different positions for a book he was preparing.

This reminds one of the case where a sporting parson in a country parish got up a boxing contest among the villagers and persuaded a famous pugilist to come down and masquerade as his new gardener. The "gardener" entered for the competition and astonished everybody by making rings round all the local champions.

But all hoaxes are not innocent, as witness the recent case in which a man made up to look like a famous jockey and defrauded a great many hotel-keepers at racing towns throughout the country.

THE WIND-UP OF THE FLAT

STORIES OF THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP.

Just as somewhere towards the middle of March the sporting scribe sharpens his pencil prior to blunting it again by frequent allusions to the "sound of the saddling-bell on the Lincoln Carholme," so does he never fail at this time of the year to bewail the advance of the "last day of the legitimate sporting season, when the last obsequies will be performed at Murky Manchester." In such flowery phraseology does he allude to the Manchester November Handicap, the last big race of the flat season, which is contested on the last day of the meeting. It is not, however, the very last event. The honour in question belongs to the Final Plate, which, in the reporter's graceful simile, is said to "ring down the curtain."

RACING IN FOG.

Chiefly because it is the year's last big event, the "Manchester November" is surrounded by more than a little glamour. It does not take long to run, for it is but one and a half miles—the Cup course, to wit—but it has been the sole subject of coversation for thousands of sportsmen for weeks past—and will be for months more, until next year's early spring sees flat racing start again at Lincoln.

First of all, among the thousands of keen racegoers who make the pilgrimage to Cottonopolis for the November Handicap, there are not many who really expect to *see* the race, for justly has Manchester merited the reporter's alliterative title of "murky." The race, in short, is oftener than not ridden in a fog. However, there are very few men going racing who wouldn't give a lot just to be on the course somewhere, and see the field dash past them, colours indistinguishable, but the forms of horses and riders still faintly discernible in the fog.

THE OLD COURSE.

Once upon a time there used to be all sorts of more or less serious casualties in this connection, prior to the inauguration of the new course, for on the old one the going used to be an absolute shocker. Times used to be, to all appearances, simply ludicrous, but for the very good reason that the horses might have been racing over a mile and a half of treacle, three or four inches deep.

On one occasion, indeed, a horse actually stuck in the mud, and had to enlist assistance before he could be extricated—a *contretemps* which prompted his owner, a titled lady of rather waggish propensities, to declare that he had "gone right through—into the main town drain, I assure you!"

Carlton's race for the Manchester November Handicap was one of the most noteworthy on record, for this game animal won with the remarkable weight of 9st. 12lb. on his back. Another big impost which was carried successfully was the 9st. 4lb. which Ravensbury won with in '94. Ravensbury, be it noted, would undoubtedly have gone down to fame as one of the greatest horses in racing but for the fact that he was so constantly overshadowed in his engagements by that Titan of the Turf—Isinglass.

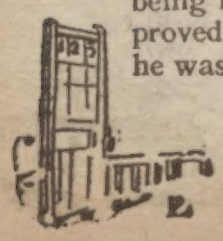
A SERIES OF SUCCESSES.

A trainer who had a remarkable series of successes in the season's last big handicap was the late Alec Taylor. His stable won the race four times in five years—namely, with Stourhead, who won from a field of nineteen; Carlton, who beat a like number; Claymore, whose opponents numbered seventeen; and Parlington, who was first out of nineteen runners. This is, to the best of my belief, a record.

Columbus, by the way, a horse that was fancied last year by not a few fairly knowing judges, created a record of a different kind for this race.

He made one of the most wretched showings ever seen, being last from start to finish. The horse, however, has improved, for he ran well in the Cesarewitch this year, though he was eased when it was seen he could not get a place.

R. J. Budd.



MY NOTEBOOK.

OUR RECOMMENDATION SCHEME.

I should like to draw your attention particularly this week to our great recommendation scheme. You will find full particulars on page 309.

The large circulation of this paper is mainly the result of the kind recommendation of our readers, and in order further to stimulate them we are reciprocating by rewarding those who favour us in this respect.

This morning I have received a letter from a man in "A" Squadron, 5th Lancers, Dublin, who tells me how he came to know of the paper.

"I was travelling to York to join my regiment," he states, "and sat beside a young man in the train. He got out before reaching York and gave me The Modern Man. I there and then read it right through and resolved to stick to it. I have had it every week since then, and hope to continue to do so upon reaching Africa, where I am going to join the 12th Royal Lancers."

I quote this letter simply to show what a reader can do for his favourite journal, and I hope that all my readers will enter heartily into our scheme. Those who are members of athletic clubs, or who are employed in large offices, works, and factories, have special opportunities of which they will find it greatly to their advantage to avail themselves.

MORE POST-CARD FUN

The following letter reaches me from a private in the First East Surrey Regiment, Kinsale, Co. Cork.

"I have had some rare fun with your post-cards," he writes. "I dropped one of the cards on a flight of stairs leading to the officers' quarters, and I then went into a servant's kitchen and awaited results. Along came an officer, who saw the card, stopped and picked it up and admired it, passing the remark to a friend that the Tsar of Russia was not very much unlike our King. Then he turned the card over and found it was addressed, but, evidently finding the address a bit strange, he read the remaining part. He then went on to the square and met two officers coming in the opposite direction. He stopped them and showed them the card. I passed by in time to hear the officer who first found the card pass the remark of how deceptive it was, and that it was a good thing for the publishers."

The following experience is related by a reader in East Grinstead: "Thanks very much for post-cards you sent me," he writes. "Had some fun with them. I dropped one on a path just on the hill. Two men came along, and both stopped to pick it up at once. Their heads came together going down, and you should have heard what they said, but angry words and looks gave way when they read it, and smiles took their place. Of course I smiled."

We still have plenty of these post-cards and shall be happy to send a supply, entirely free of charge to any reader who would care to have a few. Simply send a large stamped and addressed envelope to "Nice Place," The Modern Man Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and we shall do the rest.

SHARES IN THE MODERN MAN, LTD.

I want all my readers who are interested in this paper in a literary way to be interested in it financially as well, for the fact that you are a part-proprietor of it will make you still more enthusiastic in recommending it to your friends.

Of the 80,000 7 per cent. cumulative ordinary shares in The Modern Man, Ltd., there still remain 25,501 to be allotted, and I am highly desirous that my readers should have an opportunity of securing these before we offer them to others.

In order that those who take advantage of this offer may have the fullest interests of the paper at heart, I am giving away as a special inducement one of my own fully-paid £1 deferred shares with every poundsworth of 7 per cent. cumulative ordinary shares that may be allotted to you. All these shares are fully-paid, and when they have been allotted to you there can be no further demand whatsoever made upon you.

An application form will be found on Page 328.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FOREIGN PAPERS.

One of the most pleasant ways of refreshing one's vocabulary in regard to foreign languages is to have an occasional glance at one of the papers or magazines published in the country in question. Many such periodicals in French and German are to be found in the reading rooms of public libraries.

To start reading a novel in a foreign language is a task, but to have a glance at a foreign newspaper is entertaining, and your memory is put upon its best behaviour from the effort to recall the meaning of a word which makes all the difference to the sense of the passage you are reading.

BILLIARDS AND "ENERGY."

It has been calculated that in the course of a game lasting half-an-hour, a billiard-player walks one mile.

Of course, an expert at one particular stroke, like Gray, will do very little walking about, while his opponent usually remains glued to the chair, and equally, of course, two regular duffers who have no control at all over the balls will do far more walking than two averagely good cueists.

It has also been calculated by some scentific swell that every thirty seconds a billiard-player expends enough force to lift ten foot-pounds, that is, to lift one pound one foot ten times, or one pound ten feet.

Apart from this, the stooping involved beneficially exercises the muscles of the back and stomach.

One way and another, billiards makes you take a good deal of exercise without noticing it.

GALLERY QUEUE PERFORMERS.

People who watch with interest the feats of agility performed by street acrobats, or listen to more or less (generally less) sweet singing close to gallery queues, are not aware of the purpose for which a great many of these performers are there. A London detective recently opened the writer's eyes in this direction.

"They are, in a great many cases, the confederates of professional pick-pockets," he said. "While people have their heads interestedly turned in the direction of the street performers, light-fingered gentry are at work on their victims' pockets."

It is the same on the racecourse. In connection with this, an interesting and true story is on record.

A well-known race-horse owner had his diamond pin taken on a racecourse, and, not being quite an innocent, told the fact not to a policeman, but to a notorious racing crook. The owner was very popular with all classes, and it was not long before a man took him aside, showed a handful of tie pins, and asked him to find his own, which he did.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the pertinent thief. "I didn't notice it was you!"

MINOR ACCIDENTS.

Small accidents frequently occur in all sports, and if dealt with promptly seldom lead to serious consequences.

Slight sprains are perhaps most common. It is not generally known that if wrist or ankle be quickly rubbed with neat whisky the sprain will as quickly disappear.

For cuts and bad scratches cold running water is the best application, as it cleanses the wound and helps to stop the bleeding. If it does not do the latter, a rough tourniquet formed with a handkerchief and a piece of wood put on between the wound and the heart and twisted tightly will always do it.

In hunting, shooting, and rabbiting, a dog-bite or a ferret-bite is not uncommon. If you can reach the place with your mouth suck the wound vigorously, and place it under clean running water. Then pour a little raw whisky into it, and if you are in a healthy condition it will heal in a very short time.

For the bite of an adder, nothing is better than a mixture of olive oil and sal-volatile, in the proportion of thirty drops of the latter to two ounces of the former. In places like the New Forest or the Cheviots it is wise to carry a phial in the pocket in case of an adder bite. Suck the wound first and drink whisky afterwards. The olive oil and sal-volatile may be given to a bitten dog and also rubbed into the wound. Adder bites are not fatal to men, but they often kill or paralyze hounds and terriers.

MEN AND MANICURE

THE COMMONSENSE OF KEEPING THE HANDS IN TRIM.

This article is not intended to appeal to the dandified person who uses an ornate and complicated apparatus every day to enhance the appearance of his hands, but rather to convey some useful wrinkles to the sportsman on keeping in condition two members which are liable to suffer in more ways than one, if neglected, as a result of sport or hard work of any kind.

The average man is contented to scrape his nails now and again with a penknife, and he looks with satisfaction at their clean appearance at the close of the operation. He is, however, doing them a considerable amount of harm, for the contact of the knife blade takes away too much of the inner lining of the nail, and causes it to shrivel and become unhealthy.

USE A SHARPENED MATCH.

A much better plan is to take an ordinary wooden match, pare it down to a convenient size, and clean your nails with that. It is just as effective, and has no injurious effects.

Gardeners, amateurs and professional, are particularly liable to that distressing accident known as hang-nail. This happens when a piece of the skin at the base of the nail becomes detached from it, and hangs in a little strip, first of all itching and then smarting badly. You will be pretty sure to get it after pruning prickly bushes, or doing anything of the kind.

Don't, under any circumstances, pull it backwards, as a great many men do; it will only tear longer and longer, and leave a nasty place. Though it is preferable to cut it off as closely as possible with sharp nail-scissors, still, if you must pull it off, do so *towards* the nail. Then it usually comes off from its base and gives you little or no further trouble.

DANGERS OF LONG NAILS.

The man who has to catch anything, say the cricketer, the Association goalkeeper, the Rugby player, or the hockeyite (who can stop the ball with his hands so long as he immediately drops it) should always remember to keep his nails short. Many a man has had a finger nail badly torn by snatching at, and mufling, some quickly thrown missile.

The best way of making the nails appear fairly long, while in reality keeping them trimmed short, is to press the skin at the base gently down now and again with a match. Your barber will very likely try to sell you a special instrument for this, but the match will do just as well.

Most men, too, without being unduly dandified, like their nails to be polished rather than dull in appearance. This effect can be obtained by applying the smallest speck of ordinary metal polish to the nail and then rubbing it vigorously on the back of the other hand.

WHEN THE HANDS ARE VERY DIRTY.

Motorists cannot help getting their hands grimy at the end of a long drive or after cleaning a car, and they generally use pumice stone for scraping purposes. This is apt to be rather painful, however, and just as effective and a pleasanter way is to take a little brick dust in the palm of one hand, mix it with some pure soft soap and wash the hands with it in hot water.

Ink stains are troublesome to remove, especially if you do much writing and the ink has worked its way well into the skin.

Some men, like the writer, hold their pens between the first and second fingers, and close to the nib, with the result that they get the two digits in question very inky just under the nail. It is difficult to get this off, but perhaps the best way is to take an ordinary slate-pencil, scrape it with a knife so that it is rather rough, and rub the inkstained skin and nail with it. It won't hurt, and the stains will soon come out.

J. G. Beale.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The New Selby

By ADAM STERN.

"I'm so confoundedly anxious not to leave Moulden at the present time," observed Richard Selby, thinking of his wife.

"Quite natural," agreed Graill, his secretary.

"But it's the biggest line of chain that's been known in the trade for years. I ought not to mind going a bit out of my way to get it."

"True," agreed Graill, who had been treated of late to a sight of Selby queerly undecided and restless. "The chap insists on your personally going to see him, I suppose?" he went on.

"That's the deuce of it—otherwise I'd send you. Not only that, he definitely fixes the time of my visit—three-thirty this afternoon. And if I don't turn up, my chance of securing the order vanishes."

Richard Selby pulled at his empty pipe, removed it, and scowled at the bowl. He filled the pipe in silence.

"Tells me he can spare me ten minutes, but I must please not be late," he supplemented. "Like his impudence!"

"Worst of these big pots, they've got such an inflated idea of themselves," said Graill.

"I've got just as much to occupy my time as he has—and more on my mind. Expects me to spend six or seven hours in going to London to see him, while he, forsooth, will graciously spare me ten minutes!"

He added a term of deep feeling.

"Might 'phone him," suggested Graill.

"'Phone him!" echoed Richard, disagreeably. "What's the good of 'phoning him?"

He went on with the opening of the other letters, but could not get the matter out of his thoughts.

He took up the typed epistle once more—written from the Hotel Cecil, and decorated with an imposing signature—and re-read the contents, and then glanced through the appended sheet containing a detailed specification of the chain required. His eyes grew keen. He seemed to forget his surface irritation.

"The Managing Director of the Joint Canadian Railroads," he repeated thoughtfully. "An order worth fifty thousand pounds, if it's worth a cent. . . . And next year, probably, a further one to follow it, with others in succeeding years if only we keep out the American competitor."

He glanced up at the clock. Gone were the symptoms of his unusual indecision.

"I'll hustle to get through the work this morning," he said, "and go home to an early lunch. All being well, I'll catch the one-forty-five express, which will land me in Euston at three-ten. There'll just be time to see our friend and catch the four-five back again."

"If he doesn't keep you beyond the stipulated ten minutes," observed Graill.

"I'll take particular care he doesn't do that," said Richard, with a relapse into unpleasantness.

He was certainly in an edgey mood that morning. The whole of the work-people felt the sharpness of his tongue; and he returned to his office with his head lowered a little and his jaw thrust out.

"Ring up the house at once," he curtly gave instructions to Graill.

And he took the receiver forcibly from his hand when the complying secretary failed to get connected instantly.

II.

It was twenty-five minutes past three when Richard reached the Hotel Cecil. Inquiring for the Managing Director of the Joint Canadian Railroads—Mr. Rupert Vorn by name—he was conducted to a small room adjoining one of the most expensive suites. A number of men were already in the room, seated or standing about, affluent-looking men, one of whom Richard recognised as the manager of a prominent ironworks in the Black Country. He was not a man usually kept waiting for an interview.

Richard nodded to him and then pulled out his watch. It was twenty-nine minutes past three.

At thirty-one minutes past, having allowed Mr. Rupert Vorn sixty seconds' grace, he deliberately crossed the room and pushed open a door which clearly led to another compartment.

It was carpeted, small and snug. A good-looking, sleek, black-haired young man was writing at a table and got promptly to his feet.

"Will you kindly wait in the other room?" he requested. "Mr. Vorn is engaged at present."

"It doesn't suit me to wait, either there or anywhere else," returned Richard bluntly. "Who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Vorn's private secretary."

"Give me a slip of paper."

The young man looked coolly at him without a muscle moving. There ensued a few seconds' silence. Richard, with his hands lightly in his coat pockets, stood bulky and dominant, his head lowered a little, his eyes steady. The immaculate young secretary gave a slight start, and sat down.

"Certainly," he said.

Richard bent down with a fountain pen and wrote: "Your appointment with me is from three-thirty to three-forty. I have only seven minutes left.—Richard Selby."

"Take that in to him, will you?" he said, and he filled the intervening few moments by crossing to the window and staring down unseeingly into the street.

The secretary came back. "Mr. Vorn will see you in one minute," he said.

Almost at once a man passed through, putting on his hat; and Richard, ushered in, found himself facing a white-moustached, pink-complexioned man, with combed silky white hair and eyes of a piercing bright blue. He sat at a table, manicured hands interlocked in front of him, and resting on a perfectly clean white blotting-pad.

"You did right in insisting on punctuality," he said, with a leisurely precision which had a peculiar quality of sarcasm. "There are three hanging around in front of you, but I guess they'll have to wait. Chain, isn't it? You've brought your special prices with you, no doubt? I may as well tell you that the American chain-welders are super-keen on the track of this order themselves, and there's no shaking them off, anyway. They've followed me right across water. . . It's quick, reliable deliveries that's most wanted, and an absolute uniformity of chain."

Richard, uninvited, was in a chair, and was now feeling in the depth of one of his coat pockets. He pulled out several samples of chain, and they fell to examining them, questions and answers passing between them with a rapidity and unhesitation characteristic of a complete commercial acumen and understanding.

"And you guarantee that all deliveries will be up to sample?" Mr. Vorn asked.

"Absolutely," said Richard.

"Excuse the question," the other added, "but you know that sometimes samples are picked—especially on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Mine never are."

Richard got to his feet with unexpected abruptness.

"You'd no doubt like to see the stuff in course of actual manufacture before placing the order," he said. "What day can you come down?"

"I haven't said yet I shall pass on to you the indent," was the reply. "Maybe your prices will need a little amending . ... and there's other points requiring elucidation."

"They can be discussed at my works," said Richard, looking at his watch. "The ten minutes are exhausted. Pity neither of us has more time to spare now."

"I have," said the railway director, but Richard was on buttoning his coat. "You're a hustler, I see. Well, I never fall out with that. My own fault. I'd have given you five more minutes had I known. I'll come down to Moulden—let me see—to-morrow afternoon."

"That will suit me," said Richard. "There's a four-five from Euston—the train I'm just going to catch now."

(*Continued on page 320.*)

SIDE-SLIP.

At this time of the year, when roads are at their greasiest, sideslip is the greatest of the cyclist's terrors. It does not matter so much if the back-wheel slips a bit, but any tendency on the part of the front wheel to do this is generally followed by a spill.

However good your tyres may be, these hints should be noted:

Sit still in the saddle. Keep on the crown of the road, wherever possible. Pedal lightly and carefully.

If you want to turn, do it gradually, and in crossing tram lines remember to do this as nearly at right angles as possible. Above all, keep cool, for nervousness is generally sufficient for an accident.

COMFORT AT AN INN.

The man who travels much and sleeps at hotels will, now that the winter is upon him, be constantly waking up in his single-bedded room to find that the clothes have slipped off while he was sleeping and left him chilled and uncomfortable, yet profoundly disinclined to light a candle and re-make his bed.

The average chambermaid of the present day is not an expert in bed-making; but if the traveller will take two minutes' trouble before turning in he can defy her efforts to break his rest.

Let him turn the coverlet over the bottom of the bed and remove the top blanket. Instead of replacing it length-wise let him lay it across the bed the narrow way, tucking it well in on either side and at the foot. In this way it will act as a "binder" to the "stretchers" provided by the rest of the bed-clothes, and even a bad kicker will not displace them during the night.

It is reported that the late Queen Victoria invariably had her beds made on the stretcher and binder principle—small blame to her—but the royal example is seldom followed in private houses and never in Royal hotels.

THE BEST GUN-DOG.

The best dog for the shooting man who can keep but one is undoubtedly the spaniel. It is the only gun-dog that develops such an affection for his master that he will work from that motive as well as from his love of sport.

Pointers, setters, and retrievers can all be made to love their masters in private, but this affection has no effect on their conduct in the field. Indeed, many of them will not work at all for their owners, but only for the keeper or trainer.

It is this quality in the spaniel that makes him so valuable. Not only will he do his own proper work of hunting game and rabbits out of hedges and thickets into the open, and retrieve them afterwards, but he will learn to set grouse and black game on a moor, or point partridges in root-fields as well as the rivals whose name indicates these as their special qualities.

He will also beat the reed-beds for water-fowl, and retrieve them from river or lake; and, if a cocker spaniel, his well-known special note for woodcock will warn his master that that exciting bird is coming over.

A good spaniel will hunt a runner by scent like a beagle, so that lost birds shall be almost unknown, and he often risks his life to bring back to the master he loves the spoils of his gun.

OUR COLONIAL UNIVERSAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

Every Colonial reader should avail himself of the facilities offered by our Colonial Universal Supply Department.

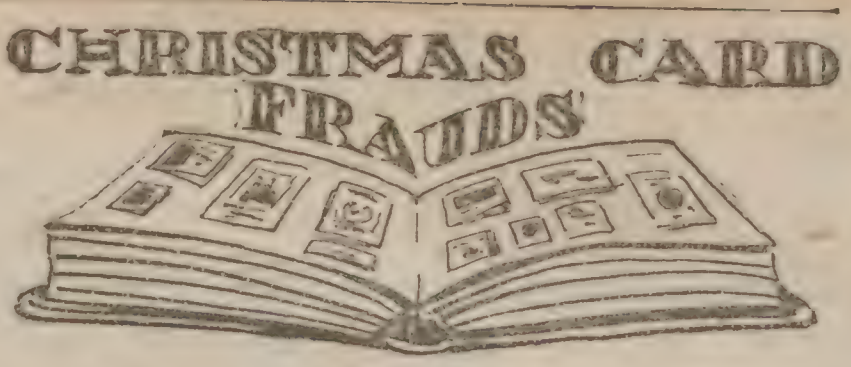
We are prepared to buy and dispatch to any Colonial reader any article whatsoever that can be obtained in London, provided he sends with his order a sufficient sum to cover the cost.

Readers who are likely to have a number of small orders from time to time may, if they so desire, deposit sums of £5 and upwards with us, and a statement of the balance of their deposit will be sent to them each time goods are forwarded.

All goods are carefully packed and dispatched, but it must be understood that they are sent at the purchaser's risk. Where it is possible to register or insure in transit, this will be done, providing the purchaser instructs us to do so.

We charge ten per cent. of the value of the purchases to meet the expenses of the department.

All cheques, money orders, and postal orders must be made payable to THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., and all communications regarding this department must be addressed to The Colonial Universal Supply Department, THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



A SCANDAL WHICH IS RIFE JUST NOW.

At this time of the year the "small want advertisement" manager of the daily newspaper rubs his hands gleefully, for he sees his columns swelling satisfactorily with advertisements; but he is neither a philanthropist nor a humanitarian, otherwise his rejoicing might not be unqualified with a vague sense of shame, for the advertisements which are pouring in to him at this time are of a kind that give rise to scandals and frauds of a particularly mean character.

A SPECIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

"WANTED: Agents for Private Christmas Cards. Book free. Splendid opportunity. £2 to £3 easily earned in a week by energetic men. Apply, &c." This is the sort of advertisement I am alluding to; and the pity of it is that it appeals practically only to the man, or woman, who is right on the rocks and can get no other work to do.

People who buy private Christmas cards go, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to their own newsagent, at whose shop they select their cards from the catalogues of well-known firms. They do not give orders to unfortunate ragged men who come to their doors. Thus we can see that the really big firms do not employ house-to-house canvassers. Those who do are chiefly small concerns, started by enterprising individuals who advertise from some small office.

To this office you will see hundreds of miserable men, most of them starving and ragged, making a weary pilgrimage. They will be supplied with a book of specimens and another of detachable order forms with duplicate leaves for use with carbon paper. That is all in most cases. Hardly any such concerns pay even the meagrest actual salary.

AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK.

The canvasser simply has to plod from house to house, cadging for orders, in the hope of obtaining a commission which generally amounts to something like three-halfpence in the shilling. Thus, to earn 5s. a day, or 30s. a week, the canvasser must book at least £2 worth of orders daily—an almost hopeless task under the circumstances.

It is this fact, and the system of paying the commission on production of the signed order, that gives rise to fraud, which is sometimes practised on the employer and sometimes on the customer.

In the first case the canvasser simply makes a round of all his friends, practically all of whom are in the same wretched circumstances as himself, and gets them to sign forms for orders which he knows they have not the faintest chance of taking up. Armed with these, he goes back to his employer, draws his commission, and forgets to come back. He simply goes to another concern of the same kind, gives another name and address, and does the same thing over again.

SWINDLING THE EMPLOYER.

That is the fraud on the employer, who, however, is hardly a sufficiently inspiring person to call for much sympathy. The second form, as practised on the unsuspecting and generally sympathetic customer, is a far meaner one.

Here the canvasser absolutely neglects house-to-house tactics. He goes the rounds of cheap restaurants, public-houses, and so on, where he meets a class of men who, though none too well-off, may possibly like the idea of sending Christmas cards to their friends with their own names printed on. So they sign an order, say for a dozen cards at 3s. 9d. or 4s. 6d., or whatever it may be, and unthinkingly and unhesitatingly pay a deposit of sixpence or so. Sometimes a receipt is given and sometimes it isn't. The canvasser, of course, after doing a thorough day's work in one neighbourhood, is careful not to come there again; and, of course, no cards are ever delivered.

The books are used simply as a means towards fraud; and it strikes me as more than reprehensible that they should be so easily obtained by this type of vagrant and blackguard.

F. GILROY.

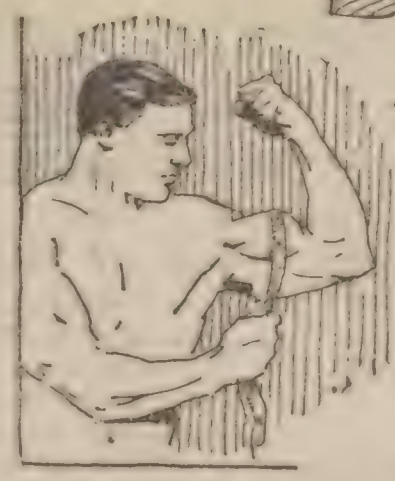
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

THE READY POSITION.

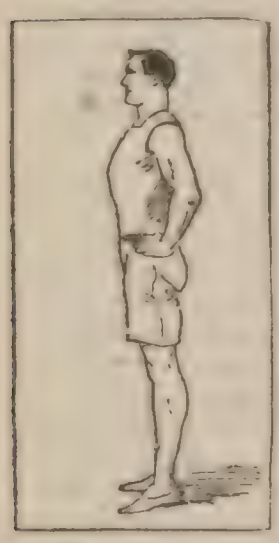
THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY TO STAND.



I propose to devote some space this week to the simple matter of the correct position in which to stand before you commence an exercise at all.

There are, of course, many exercises in which the starting position is different from that illustrated, but the majority of exercises begin from this position.

The hands should grasp the waist fairly firmly just above the hips, the fingers being together, the thumbs at the back, and the palms pressed well down.



Correct position.

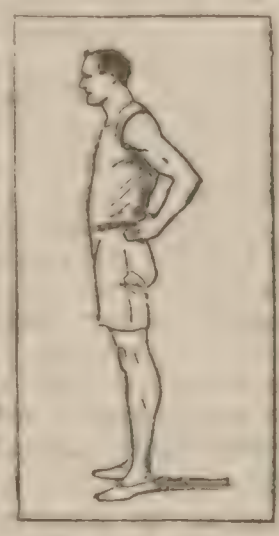
The heel of the hand is that part which presses upon the table when you write, and a common fault in taking up the ready position is to have the heel of the hand too far away from the side of the body.

By assuming the correct position, and letting the hands rest firmly upon the hips, you relieve the upper part of the trunk of the weight of the arms, and transfer it to the hips. In this way the chest and the shoulders are left much freer for the exercise in which they are concerned.

The first illustration shows the correct ready position, with the hands in the right place, and the chest well out.

The second illustration shows some common faults. Here the hands are not pressed properly against the sides, and are too far back, while the shoulders are too much raised, and the chest is not sufficiently thrown out.

You can form a simple but effective exercise for the development of the chest, and the improvement of the carriage, by first taking up the military position of "attention," and then assuming the ready position here shown. Do the movements smartly, and repeat twelve or twenty times.



Incorrect position.

WHEN TO EXERCISE.

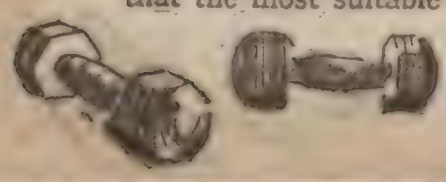
Most readers who ask for my opinion regarding their measurements give particulars as to the exercises they go in for and also the time they spend on these exercises, and frequently they request me to make suggestions in this respect.

It is difficult to do that, as so much depends upon what time the student has at his disposal and also upon his constitution.

For the acquirement and maintenance of a good physique, about five minutes spent on exercise each morning, and ten minutes each evening will usually be sufficient.

Opportunities should also be taken whenever possible to go in for sport on Saturday afternoons—particularly such sports as take you into the fresh air. Besides this, it is also advisable from time to time during the day to harden up your muscles in the way I have already explained by means of muscle control.

The student must study his own physique and constitution, and should never continue his exercises longer than he feels quite fit for. Some men feel most fit in the morning and make that the principal time for exercising, but the majority are in the highest vigour in the evening and find that the most suitable time.



PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

P. K. (Killylea).—Instep arch socks are certainly of great benefit in cases of flat foot. They are like ordinary in-soles, but they have a piece of steel fixed to them underneath the instep, so that the foot is slightly raised up at this place. All exercises for the feet, such as raising yourself on your toes, help to remedy defects in this respect.

E. W. (Fulham).—The measurements you give are only moderately good. Your chest especially requires expansion. Go in for your exercises more regularly.

L. H. (Stockwell).—As constant rubbing with embrocation has not sufficed to remove the strain in your leg, it would be well for you to consult a doctor, as there may be something wrong which he could remedy, but which would become serious if neglected.

R. C. P. (Liverpool).—Drop taking coffee at supper and try Bovril instead. It is splendid as a body-builder, and will not prevent you from sleeping.

T. H. (Bristol).—The best book on muscle control is that published by Messrs. Maxick and Saldo.

BRIBERY.

Let me bribe you to take up my Course of "Psycho-Vibratory" Physical Culture. To every one who takes up the Course I will give the most valuable prize in the world—Health, Strength, and a Fine Physique. To you this is worth

£1,000,000.

Will you send a postcard now for my latest publication, "The Use and Abuse of Exercise"? I will send it to you free. It is the most unique hand-book on Physical Culture in existence, gives a mine of valuable information and tells you all about the Robinson Method.

Send **NOW**. You will forget to do so to-morrow.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture Specialist (Dept. M.), 18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.

N.B.—Letters require 1d. stamp whether the Envelope is sealed or not.

Send **1s. 1½d.** for **Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE."** It contains **information** on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Verdict of all: **"IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

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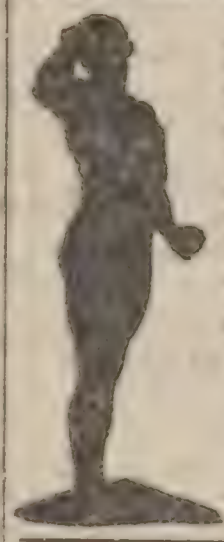
MAXICK & SALDO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.

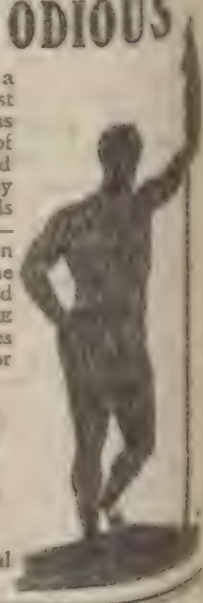
A COMPARISON that is NOT ODIOUS



On the left of this announcement is a silhouette of the figure of the greatest teacher of Physical Culture the world has ever known, compare it with the figure of an ancient Greek athlete on the right, and you will see at a glance that it not only compares favourably, but in some details surpasses the ancient ideal, now read—mark—and learn. Mr. Aston built his own figure to this state of perfection by the performance of a few simple exercises and he is ready to supply readers of THE MODERN MAN with these same exercises for an outlay of just a few shillings, for particulars send 2½d. in stamps to

EDWARD ASTON
(Britain's Strongest Man),
ASTON HOUSE, CAMBERWELL GREEN,
LONDON, S.E.,

when you will receive in return beautiful autograph photo and tape measure, &c.



SMITH'S SCHOOL OF EXERCISES

SHEPHERD'S BUSH (Hotel Annexe)

(Next Empire: Near Tube and Exhibition), LONDON, W.

BOXING, JUJITSU, WRESTLING, TAUGHT scientifically, correctly and cheaply—personally by **Professor VERNON SMITH,** Instructor Police, Hon. Artillery Company, etc., etc. Postal, private, class and club lessons. Special Exercises for ladies and gentlemen for health, strength, and curative and corrective purposes.

MIAKE, Jap Champion, trains at and recommends my school.
Call evenings, or send stamped envelope for illustrated book and particulars.

SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS.

III.—UNSELFISHNESS IN SPORT.

One often reads or hears of the shooting or trapping of otters on angling streams, by order of the lessees of the fishing, either because they ignorantly think that the otters kill the fish in vast numbers, or because they fear that the advent of hounds will put the fish down and spoil their sport.

I was following a South-Country pack of otter-hounds along a Kentish river some years ago, when I came upon a sour-faced angler who had reeled-up and was regarding the passing field with an expression of great anger.

I asked him what sport he had had, and he told me "none," though he had been out since seven o'clock, and it was now nearly noon.

THEORY AND FACT.

He was a ripe specimen of the linen-draper type of soi-disant sportsman, who takes up fishing and shooting late in middle age, with no knowledge of country life, wild nature, or even of sport, except what he has learnt—and learnt mostly wrong—from books.

I advised him to wait half an hour and try his luck again. My manner must have impressed him, for he did so, and, returning along the river-bank towards tea-time, I found him gloating over a basket of seven fat trout, which had been set on the feed by the passage of hounds along the bed of the stream, and given him satisfactory sport.

Yet, could he have had his way in the morning, he would have stopped hounds and spoiled the enjoyment of a hundred people for the problematical chance of catching a brace of trout himself.

In strong contrast to the attitude of these syndicate anglers and members of fishing clubs, I may instance another case that occurred in the North.

SPORTING PITMEN.

I was hunting with a pack of otter-hounds on a Saturday, and they brought an otter down stream past a reach in which some half a dozen miners were fishing by special permission on their "Pay-Saturday" holiday. Being unable to continue angling, they all reeled-up and followed the hunt, which ended a mile or so lower down with a kill in mid-stream.

At the village inn, to which we all adjourned for tea while waiting for a train, the miners presently arrived, having gone back to fetch their rods and creels. The master said: "I'm afraid we spoiled your sport this afternoon. Now you must all join me in a drink."

To this they agreed, but not one of them bore any grudge against the hunt, the spokesman saying, "Nivver mind, mister. We aal enjoyed a canny torn at a sport we divvent often get a chance te see, ye ken."

These Northern pitmen took a much more sporting view of things than the proprietor of a salmon beat on a Scottish river, who had reserved his best pool for Lord Charles Beresford to fish on the day hounds were drawing up the river. Lord Charles, then commanding the fleet cruising off the Scottish coast, was expected to arrive from the nearest port of landing about eleven o'clock, and, as luck would have it, the pack at that hour put down an otter just above the beat, and it promptly went down into the sacred pool.

A BL'NK DAY.

In deference to the proprietor, hounds were stopped, and taken on up-stream on a long, blank draw; and, after all, I believe, the popular admiral never turned up. Had he done so, he is too good a sportsman not to have entered into the fun of otter-hunting without thought of his lost salmon.

The true sportsman is never selfish. He is willing, if a M.F.H., to meet on the other side of his country rather than interfere with a neighbour's shooting arrangements; or, if a shooting-man, to give up his projected day over dogs and entertain the hunt to breakfast instead.

He will, as an individual, run no risk of peppering a companion in the endeavour to "wipe his eye" at driven birds, or of cannoning another rider at an easy place in an attempt to "pound" him. Nor will he, wading into the middle of a stream, on which he possesses the rights of angling from one bank only, attempt, by throwing a long line, to poach his neighbour's fish.

I have known men do all these things, and during the last quarter of a century this type of man seems to have increased in numbers. But they are not sportsmen, and unhappily, it is to be feared they will never become so.

"TRIGGER."

IN THE CIDER MILL

THE FARMER TURNS BREWER FOR A DAY.

It was an "off day" on the farm. The land was ploughed, but nothing more could be done to it as yet. Much rain had fallen, and the furrows were wet, sticky, and heavy, so that no further efforts towards cultivation could be attempted till wind, and especially frost, had done their share in making it dry and crisp and ready to receive the seeds.

There was no great hurry to be up and doing, therefore, and the farmer lay an extra half-hour in bed, turning over in his mind his plans for the coming winter. In his mind's eye he saw his irregular fields stretching out in all directions, as they would be next spring. In this one he would have oats, in that wheat, in these roots, and so on, until he had covered the whole ground.

PREPARING FOR THE DAY'S WORK.

Then, rolling out, he heard below, as he dressed leisurely, the sound of his men sweeping in a barn.

This was the shed where the cider-making was to be carried out that day.

It was his practice, and the practice of many of his neighbours, not to sell the contents of his orchards, but to store the fruit, and at a convenient opportunity, like this one, to turn it into cider for consumption by the farm labourers. Many barrels he would make every year, putting aside one or two special barrels, made from selected fruit, for his own table, and for the entertainment of his neighbours and casual callers, including the sporting parson of the village.

Once on a time the farmer had been churchwarden; but he had given up the office after two years, because he found that he was expected to attend church at least every Sunday morning, and this sometimes interfered with urgent matters on the farm.

EVENINGS WITH THE PARSON.

And so, though no longer an office-bearer, he was still on the best of terms with the vicar. The two loved to settle down sometimes in the evening to a game of chess, or, if the farmer had killed a specially good pig, the vicar would readily answer an invitation to supper, and would bring a good appetite and a hearty spirit—and sometimes his curate as well—to share the abundance on the farmer's mahogany board.

But to-day was cider-making day, and while it lasted, this was an arduous work.

The farmer had none of the new-fangled apparatus for making the delicious drink. He owned one of the old cider-mills—circular stone troughs.

This trough he and his men filled with heaps of apples gathered some time ago, and laid in neat clean heaps on the hard, dry floor of a barn.

When the trough was filled they would start the old horse dragging the heavy stone roller round and round over the apples in the trough.

THE FARMER'S OWN JOB.

When not a single apple remained whole in the trough, it was necessary to squeeze out all the precious juice; and this was done by lifting the pulped mass out of the trough with burnished shovels, and packing it upon the old and creaking press, between layers of straw and matting.

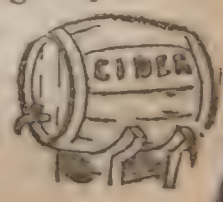
The farmer himself insisted on performing this operation. He stood by the press turning the central screw slowly, but with an iron hand.

When every half pint had been pressed from the apple pulp, this latter was lifted out of the press and fed with other stuff to the pigs.

As for the juice, it was ladled carefully into clean barrels through a funnel that saved even a drop from wasting.

In the course of days the impurities would rise to the surface, the juice would clarify, and then, with many a satisfied and hearty thump, the barrels would be bunged up and the cider left till its condition was perfect.

C. EASTON-GREY.



THE NEW SELBY—*(Continued from page 316).*

I'll send a car to the station to meet you. To-morrow. Good-day! "

And with a hand-shake they parted.

Richard's motor-car was awaiting him at Moulden Station, when he arrived, and he took the chauffeur's place and drove at high speed to Woolveley, where he lived.

III.

It was at half-past six on the following evening that the Great Man stepped from the car in the electric-lighted yard of Richard's works, accompanied by his secretary and by Graill, who had been despatched to the station to meet him.

Probably some explanation of the Great Man's frigid demeanour lay in the fact that Richard had failed to honour him by coming to the station in person.

He followed Graill up the stairs, his secretary bringing up the rear, and a further irritation awaited him when he found Richard busy at the telephone.

Seated at his desk with the receiver glued to his ear, Richard made a perfunctory gesture, which was half a greeting and half an invitation to sit.

He pulled open a drawer with his spare hand, extracting a box of cigars and holding it out.

" Thanks," said the Great Man, choosing one of the cigars and biting the end off it with his teeth. There was live irony in his eyes, but he pulled a chair beneath him, thrust out his legs, and threw back his fur-lined coat.

Most palpably he suggested: " Whatever you do, don't consider *me!* I'm nobody."

And Richard continued to listen without speaking, a strange anxiety in his eyes.

Suddenly he spoke.

" Yes, I'm still here. All right. Ring me again in a quarter of an hour. I sha'n't leave the office."

He hung up the instrument, and remained abstracted for a moment, palpably unconscious of the other's presence. He glanced up at the Railway Director and the look was wholly unintelligent.

" Oh, yes," he said. " About that contract. . . . "

He fumbled among the papers on his desk, and his brows lowered, and there was visible in his cheeks the clench of his jaw-bone.

" Graill," he said angrily, " where is the duplicate of that quotation for Mr. Vorn? Ah, here it is! Now, Mr. Vorn."

" Yes, *now*," said the Great Man with pointed emphasis.

" You see," began Richard, rapidly, " if you were to go down into the works and observe a number of my automatic welding machines—all making different sizes of chain and turning it out with a celerity no other machine can approach, I feel quite sure you'll be satisfied as to our capacity to supply your requirements, the whole of your requirements—now and for the future. I'll ask you to take down Mr. Vorn, Graill. Show him all he desires to see, and explain everything. . . . Graill is as fully conversant with things as I am," he added to the Great Man, whose bright blue eyes had now become steely.

" Thanks," said the latter, drawling the word, and taking his cigar from his mouth and replacing it. " But I'm not desirous of seeing anything, as it happens. I've got a better quotation all round since seeing you yesterday; or, at least, if I haven't *got* one, I can easily remedy the deficiency. A firm offer to an American works, at one per cent., say, less than your figures, would be snapped up. Mr. Selby. Snapped up! And they're keen, let me tell you. Keen! "

" You mean," said Richard, with a complete transformation to briskness, " you would work on my prices—beating the American maker down to a fraction below, and relying on receiving an equivalent article? "

" That's my idea," rejoined the Director, pulling at his cigar with obviously better enjoyment.

" Ah," said Richard, sitting back in his chair. " Well, you won't succeed, Mr. Vorn. You won't get the same stuff, not within ten per cent of its quality. And the finish will be rotten. Have you compared the breaking strains? You have? Well, go ahead with your idea. I'll cheerfully relinquish the present order, if you'll give me your word, when you find out my assertions are correct, to pass on to me your contracts in future."

" Not too fast," observed the Director. " I may be open to conviction. And I may not."

And for ten minutes, like a pair of expert swordsmen, they fenced. A sharp tinkling of the telephone bell interrupted them.

Without apology Richard cut into the middle of an argument which the Director was carefully elaborating.

" Half a minute," he said, and gestured for him to be silent.

The Director shut his mouth like a trap. He glanced round sharply at the clock on the wall. A spot of dull red burned in each cheek. He stood up and began viciously to draw on his left glove.

" Better postpone this kind of spasmodic interview till you're less busy," he snapped. " I shall be at the Cecil for a few days longer, and perhaps if you write I shall be able to arrange to see you."

" Hold your row for a bit," said Richard, in a curious low voice.

" By Jingo! " breathed the Director, with dilating nostrils.

" You're a quaint sort of business man, I must say! " he went on, with corroding politeness. " One minute you lead one to suppose you're smart; the next—well, charity prevents my being descriptive. I'd like you to have a clear understanding of one thing, however. By the way you've treated me to-day—wanting to hand me over to another man, and failing to realise your own opportunity—you've lost not only the present contract but others that would surely have followed."

He shook his coat into position, and stared almost in amazement at the silent Selby, who, ignoring his words and appearing, indeed, not to have heard them, sat rigid and listening, his jaw locked tight, tense expectation in his eyes.

"You've cost yourself a matter of ten to twenty thousand pounds," said the exploding Director, losing control.

" Damn your twenty thousand pounds," said Richard, looking at him and speaking savagely. " Damn them and you! . . . Yes, yes; I'm here! " His change of tone was extraordinary.

The Director stared in open bewilderment at Graill.

Richard was asking broken questions. He leaped abruptly to his feet. He crossed the office and put on his hat. He turned at the door, with face alight.

" Enormously sorry," he said. " Do be a good fellow and excuse me. Can't stop. Graill will explain. Will see you to-morrow."

" But," began the Director.

" I say, Dick! " shouted Graill, getting to the door in three strides. " What is it—boy or girl? "

" Boy ! " shouted Richard, from the foot of the stairs.

And Graill turned round, laughing at the wide-eyed Director.

" I see," said the latter. " By Jingo, I see! The first, of course? Why in the name of goodness didn't he *explain?* Well, certainly I will stay in Moulden to-night and complete the contract with him to-morrow."

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—Editor.]

MOLASSINE
Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods
THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED
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MONEY-MAKING.

You can make money by selling those things of which you no longer have any need, by means of a small advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

Answers to Correspondence

connected with the £200 a year situation offered by Caxton Publishing Company.

It was announced some weeks ago that the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd., had a vacancy for a well-trained business man or woman, at a commencing salary of £200 per annum. It was decided to throw open this position to competitive examination (the conditions of which will be sent post free on application), the assistance of an eminent Board of Business Men was secured to act as Judges. The winner will have the choice of an alternative prize of £100 in cash.

Although the first announcement was made as clear and specific as possible and a complete prospectus was offered free of charge, numbers of letters have been received asking questions on points of detail. The same question was often asked by several enquirers.

It has therefore been considered advisable to reply through the Press to the questions most frequently asked. The following is a list of these questions, with the replies:

QUESTION 1.—**By entering this examination, shall I imperil my present situation in the event of my employers becoming aware of it?**

ANSWER.—Certainly not. The names of competitors will not be published, except in the case of prize-winners. Moreover, as the winner of the first prize has the choice of £100 cash in lieu of accepting the situation, he does not commit himself to resign his present employment in any event.

QUESTION 2.—**If I made a good showing in a majority of the questions, but failed to find answers to one or more of them, would this be regarded as a disqualification?**

ANSWER.—No, unless the questions omitted showed serious incompetence. For example, if every question involving any arithmetical calculation were answered incorrectly or not attempted, there would be evidence of inability to perform any calculation, and the competitor would lose so many marks that his prospects would vanish. A percentage of marks will be awarded to each answer, and a further percentage for the merit of each competitor's papers as a whole. Thus, failure to answer one or more questions might well be redeemed by the general intelligence shown.

QUESTION 3.—**How much time shall I be required to devote in answering the questions? I have very little leisure, being engaged in my own business.**

ANSWER.—The examination is planned for business men. It is no part of its purpose to consume competitors' time, but only to ascertain their knowledge. Consequently the questions are so framed as to require very little work. There are only ten questions on each paper, and the competitor has from six to eight weeks for each set of ten questions—less than two questions a week.

QUESTION 4.—**How will the judges and examiners know that competitors have not had the Business Encyclopædia open at their elbows while they answer the questions?**

ANSWER.—There is no objection whatever to this. A competent business man is one who knows how to find what he wants, if he does not carry the knowledge in his memory. Verifying facts is an important part of a business man's work. He should not trust his memory too far, and the Business Encyclopædia is used in thousands of offices as a work of reference. Competitors are allowed to use it in exactly the same way.

QUESTION 5.—**In the event of the prize situation being won by someone who is in regular employment, will time be allowed for the legal "notice"?**

ANSWER.—Certainly; and more if desired. Arrangements will be made for the winner to resign his position in an honourable manner, and to make the best possible arrangements to avoid incommoding his employer. The Caxton Publishing Company would not desire the services of anyone who would leave another employment discreditably.

QUESTION 6.—**Will the winner be required to furnish testimonials to character and ability?**

ANSWER.—The examination will be a sufficient evidence of ability, and to some extent of character. The usual enquiries on the latter point will be formally made.

QUESTION 7.—**What standard of general education is required for the examination?**

ANSWER.—The future progress of the winner will no doubt be affected by his or her general education, but no test is imposed beyond that furnished by the examination itself.

QUESTION 8.—**Is the knowledge of any foreign language necessary?**

ANSWER.—No.

QUESTION 9.—**In the event of the winner being offered inducements to remain in his present employment after having tendered resignation, will he still have the option of accepting the £100 cash?**

ANSWER.—He will be perfectly free to change his mind within a reasonable time—say within a month—and the Caxton Publishing Company will then be free to offer the situation to some other competitor.

QUESTION 10.—**Will country competitors be required to come to London for viva voce examination?**

ANSWER.—No; the competition is confined to the three simple examination papers—only thirty questions—which can be answered at the competitor's home.

The foregoing questions and answers cover the ground raised by correspondents; and for the most part the answers could have been found in the free prospectus of the £200 Situation Advertisement offered free of charge to all enquirers.

FREE COUPON.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
52, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me full particulars of your Business Examination, and also particulars of the Business Encyclopædia, and your offer to deliver the complete work for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name.....
(Send this form or a postcard).

Address.....

Present Occupation.....

MEN OF THE LEAGUE.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list.*

SHEFFIELD *(Continued).*

F. HILL, 321, Shoreham Street; J. W. HIND, 67, Tavistock Road; S. HODSON, 31, Upper Valley Road, Meersbrook; E. HODGSON, c/o Cole Bros., 4, Fargate; H. H. HOEY, 32a, Bath Street; F. HOLLATT, 219, Duke Street, Park; T. G. HORNER, 12, Cambridge Street; G. W. HOWARD, 32, Bowness Road, Walkley Lane; E. S. HUBIE-AXE, 146, Wadsley Lane, Hillsboro'; W. K. HUKIN, 31, Stainton Road; A. INGLEDEW, 192, Sutherland Road; W. JACKSON, 55, South View Crescent, Sharrow; T. JEPSON, 91, Highton Street, Walkley; W. JEPSON, 164, City Road; C. F. JERVIS, 14, Netherthorpe; W. JONES, 183, Wallace Road; E. B. JUBB, 6, St. Mary's Road; S. C. KELLAN, c/o Cole Bros. Ltd., Fargate; C. A. KING, 38, Thompson Road; J. E. KNIGHT, 42, Fulton Road, Walkley; W. KNIGHT, 42, Fulton Road, Walkley; F. KNOTT, c/oMessrs. Shipman and Co., Attercliffe Wire Mills; H. K. KNOWLES, 54, Burn's Road, Crookesmoor; G. W. LANK, 20, Manton Street; J. LAXTON, 44, Cecil Road; C. B. LEGGE, 550, Abbeydale Road; F. LOMAS, 25, Stothard Road, Crookes; E. LORD, 75, Dorset Street, Broomhall; T. A. MACDOWALD, The Poplars, Norton; H. MARJORAM 56, Broughton Lane, Attercliffe; W. MARPLES, 24, Wood Gold, Woodside Lane, Pitsmoor; C. MARSDEN, 3, Brackley Street, Pitsmoor; J. MARSH, 55, Low Road, Malin Bridge; J. MARSH, 96, Dunlop Street; T. MASDIN, 91, Bromley Street; W. MORGAN, 336, Langsett Road; A. MOTLEY, 35, Vale Road, Parkwood Springs; G. H. NEEDHAM, Nabb Farm, Carter Knowles Road; W. R. NEEDLER, 182, St. Mary's Road; J. H. NIGHTINGALE, Greenmoor, Wortley; J. OLDFIELD, 32, York Road, Darnall; A. E. PALMER, 125, Gower Street; J. W. PALMER, 125, Gower Street; A. PEARSON, 80, Wheldrake Road, Firth Park; T. E. PECKETT, 23, Ramsey Road, Crookes; L. L. PELL, 30, Nottingham Street, Pitsmoor; S. PHILLIPS, 104, Blair-Athol Road, Banner Cross; G. E. PITCHFORK, 25, Synmouth Road, Abbeydale; G. PRICE, Manor Villas, School Lane, Beighton; A. G. READMAN, 16, Pilgrim Street; A. RICHARDSON, 11, Bankfield Road, Malin Bridge; C. H. RIDGE, Carbrook; B. S. READ-HOUSE, 5, Benfield Road, Marsbrook; H. ROBERTSHAW, Park View, South Anston; H. S. ROBINSON, 31, Goddard Hall Road, Pitsmoor; W. ROBINSON, 237, Main Road, Handsworth; W. T. ROOME, 70, Rising Street, Pitsmoor; R. ROTHWELL, Knoll House, Bamford; C. V. RYALLS, 103, Edmund Road; W. H. SAUNDERS, 124, Fitzalan Street; E. SCORAH, 38, Westmoreland Street, Upperthorpe; A. SHARMAN, Rockingham House, Fox Hill; J. SHEARSTONE, 326, Granville Road, Park; B. SHEMELD, 20, Blakeney Road; H. SISSONS, 68, Sandford Grove Road, Nether Edge; F. SKELTON (Jnr.), 69, Valley Road, Meersbrook; J. F. SOMERFIELD, 21, Colver Road; C. SPARR, 1, Court, 1, House, Boston Street; T. H. SPEIGHT, 164, Queen's Road, Park; H. SWIFT, 50, Clover Road; H. TINGLE, 40, Broomspring Lane; J. TONKS, 24, Briar Road, Nether Edge; G. G TRAVISS, 16, Botanical Road; D. VICKERS, 85, Murray Road; E. WALDRON, Ball Ryod Villa, Standon Road, Wincobank; H. A. WALES, 231, Fulwood Road; E. M. WATSON, 24, Bethel Street, Netherthorpe Place; J. WATTS, 401, Earl Marshal Road, Pitsmoor; W. H. WEBSTER, 134, St. Mary's Road; S. WHITAKER, 1, Whitehouse Crescent, Chesterfield Road; H. V. WICKS, Victoria House, Fargate; W. WILCOCK, 109, Broad Lane; H. WORDSWORTH, Huthwaite Lane P. O., Thurgoland.

SHEPTON MALLET.

A. BRITTEN, 2, Market Place.

SHERBORNE.

F. HAMBLIN, 204, Westbury; H. J. A. YOUNG, Long Street.

SHERWOOD.

S. FOX, 20, Mansfield Street.

SHIPLEY.

D. CORDINSLEY, 43, Baildon Bridge; A. R. KNIGHT, 176, Bradford Road; E. RIDDIOUGH, 18, Commercial Street; O. M. TAYLOR, Clifton Villa, Kirkgate; O. N. TAYLOR, 8, Cross Banks; R. WALSHAW, Low Ash Farm, Wrose.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge ..	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain.....	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable).....	1s. 4½d.,	post free
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 5½d.,	" "
Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d.,	" "
Silk mufflers.....	4s. 11d.,	" "

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

The League Badge. Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. B. (Appleby).—It is not advisable to have your breeches of the same material as your jacket if you are going to do much riding, because ordinary tweed is not strong enough for breeches. A good Bedford cord or whipcord is the thing you want.

N. WHITTLES, of 1, Cranage Road, Levenshulme, Manchester, wishes to correspond with some one in the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry.

C. G. F. (Kilmarnock).—Men do not spend so much money in these days as they used to do upon expensive trunks. Tin uniform cases are as good as anything for travelling, and they are much lighter than heavy leather portmanteaux.

R. V. (Cardiff).—Ordinary cold cream is as good as anything after shaving. Your skin will not appear greasy if you wipe your face with a handkerchief a few minutes after you have rubbed in the cold cream.

H. P. (Grimsby).—It is unwise to knock off smoking all of a sudden, as you admit that you have been a heavy smoker. Better reduce the number of pipes or cigars each day, and do it gradually.

A. G. (Birmingham).—Have a quiet word with the sergeant-major after your next drill, and get him to give you a bit of private coaching. He can usually find time, as sergeant-majors are not overpaid.

J. C. C. (Swansea).—Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn, can supply you with the kind of rabbit trap you describe; their catalogue has illustrations of several such.

E. H. E. (Durham).—It would cost you more to get your collars altered than it would to buy a new lot. Get the next the right size, and buy only one at a time till you find the make that suits you.

T. W. (Plymouth).—As good a veterinary book as you can get is the one Messrs. Elliman give free with each bottle of their horse embrocation.

H. H. (Stratford).—The trouble is probably with your glasses. Were they fitted by a qualified oculist or only by a watchmaker?

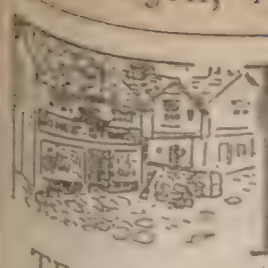
F. S. O. (Adelaide).—Constant paring will in time reduce your soft corns, but be careful not to draw blood in cutting them. Dress them morning and night with boracic powder.

C. S. (Clapham) informs us that in dealing with applications for a situation he recently had vacant, he noticed that a large number of applicants enclosed their letters in long envelopes from which the end of the tab had been cut. These were men in employment, and our correspondent asks us whether it was likely that any employer noticing this would engage them, for the envelopes were obviously those of their present employer. Anyhow he barred all such applications.

W. G. (Manchester).—The correct dress for marriage as at present is a silk hat, morning coat, cashmere trousers, stand up collar, light tie, and patent leather boots.

F. B. (Sheffield).—You are too old to be taken on as an apprentice by a trainer of race horses.

D. C. (Belfast), **J. F. J.** (Westcliff), **D. H. F.** (Godalming), **F. E.** (Pudsey), **E. C. P.** (Bristol), **D. M.** (Glasgow), **T. L.** (Walthamstow), **G. W. A.** (Accrington), **G. N.** (Stirling), **J. B. H.** (Newcastle), **C.** (Eastbourne), **E. B.** (Coventry).—Our best thanks to you.



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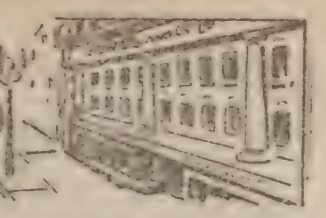


TRIFLES, TEA, AND DIVIDENDS.

A WORD WITH SHOPKEEPERS.

In the race for dividends—which mean an easy life, a motor-car, a larger house, a longer holiday, a week-end cottage, and a number of other things considered eminently desirable to a pleasure-loving generation—success comes to the man who gives his public the minimum of trouble in dealing with him.

And it is astonishing how soon a reputation for pleasant conditions will spread among the people. A man or a woman comes into a big establishment to make a few small purchases, amounting, let us say, to 23s. 6d. in all.

This customer finds it difficult to get to the department she wants. When she entered the shop she missed the shopwalker and went straight to a counter and asked for something. The young man told her it was to be had in such-and-such a department. On arriving there she finds the young man has given her wrong information, and a second journey has to be made. In the end she gets what she wants, but over her afternoon tea she enlarges on her experiences. She tells her friends—half-a-dozen men and women who are all well off—that she had such a miserable time at X.Y.Z.'s stores.

"Nobody seems to know where anything is kept," she complains. "I went to two departments where I was told I could get what I wanted, and in the end I had to go to a third; it is not pleasant to shop at X.Y.Z.'s."

And so the word goes round that Mrs. A. has tried X.Y.Z.'s and found them wanting.

At six other tea-tables during the next week Mrs. A.'s story is repeated, and in ten days X.Y.Z. have such an awful reputation for unbusinesslike methods that numbers of possible customers pass the doors and go on to D.E.F.'s Emporium.

Consequently the revenues of D.E.F. increase, while those of X.Y.Z. fall off.

The fault was with X.Y.Z.'s internal arrangements. The assistants in one department knew as little of the other departments as they did of the date of a Kaffir chief's next birthday.

This is no fanciful picture. It shows the urgent need that assistants should be made to know something about all the departments, and all about one department. It tends to make trading easier, and this is one way of making dividends.

T. Stewart.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

HOME RAILS.

The meeting of the workers at Crewe last Sunday, where it was decided to oppose a strike, has sent prices up with a bound, and the outlook in this market is extremely good for holders, the only fly in the ointment being the prospective coal miners' strike, which may not fructify.

AMERICANS.

These have had a slight set-back, but I am assured by those who ought to know, that the market is a "bull" one, and, considering the enormous amount of stock which Wall Street has taken from Europe, principally Berlin, the chances are that prices will be put very much better to unload the surplus.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.

These have had their usual dividend declaration, although many well informed people expected a bonus.

I have been premature in predicting a fall in this stock; but the fall will be great when it does come.

MINES, OIL, AND RUBBER.

Mines have been better during the week under review, and consequently a good opportunity is afforded the "bears" to sell for a substantial turn.

Oil and rubber shares are firm to better; but speculators ought to leave both markets alone at present.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

O. G. (Birkenhead).—I should be satisfied with a smaller profit.

P. A. (Dorking).—The company you mention has paid regular dividends, and, so far as I can ascertain, is likely to continue to do so.

"CONSTANT READER" (Westminster).—Sorry, but I have not sufficient knowledge of the company concerned to express an opinion.

H. L. (Grantham).—(a) A hopeful investment; (b) No; (c) I think you may safely average.

"EQUITY" (Heaton Norris).—(1) In my opinion they are quite safe for any profit you may make; (2) I have no special knowledge of this concern.

D. N. (Ringwood).—Very speculative, and I think best left alone.

R. T. (Slough).—A steady dividend payer, and quite worth your attention.

A. J. (Hartlepool).—In my opinion the company you name is much over-capitalised, and I should advise you to clear at anything near cost.

D. D. (Brynteg).—Hold; the price is likely to improve considerably.

P. M. (Antrim).—Your list is a good one, with the exception of No. 7, which is far too speculative for a small investor.

D. F. (Ayr).—I cannot see how you would profit by the exchange; the net return is no better, and there is a heavy liability on the proposed purchase.

The Financial Editor.

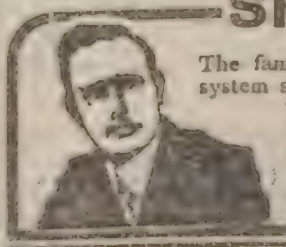
COMPANY WORK.

In these days when competition is so keen amongst clerks, it is the man with some special qualification who succeeds, and one of the best qualifications he can have is a knowledge of the work connected with a limited liability company.

We have had sent to us for review a work entitled "Company Accounting," by J. D. C. Mackay, F.L.A.A., who is publishing this book at 93, Hope Street, Glasgow.

It is the best work on the subject we have seen, and the clerk who makes himself master of its details will have an incalculable pull over his competitors. We understand that only six hundred copies of this book are available for the use of the public. The price is 4s. post free.

SHORTHAND.



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A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"When did you first smell powder, daddy?" asked the old war-dog's romantic seven-year-old son. The old warrior answered absent-mindedly.

"When I first kissed your mother my boy," he said; and then suddenly realising, rushed hurriedly to the club.

OUGHT TO GET TIME.

It was a bitterly cold day, and as Sam Snide (Prompt Payment *and* Civility) stood in the very empty ring at the Puddleborough National Hunt Meeting, waiting for clients who didn't come, his temper grew gradually to a condition that was far from sweet. Although he was nearly frozen, he dared not spend anything on a drink, or he might not be able to pay the sportsman who had twopence each way on the next winner. So he stood and shivered in a silence that was anything but golden.

To him at last appeared Marmaduke Mammysboy. Marmaduke had half a crown in his right palm and a perplexed look on his face.

"Look here," he said, "I—ah—want to invest—or speculate—or whatever the expression is—at any rate, I want to put some money on a horse. But I want to know how you calculate the odds first. . . ."

"Well, ye see," said Mr. Snide, "it's like this. If you put a shilling on a horse that starts at ten to one, you get ten bob and yer own bob back. If it starts at five to one, you get a dollar and yer bob back. See now?"

"I understand perfectly as far as you've got," said Marmaduke, rather dubiously, "but, tell me, what do I get if the horse starts at one o'clock precisely?"

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

There were two of them—he and she.

The hour was late, and he was parting from her—parting till to-morrow evening.

Their hearts were heavy at the thought of it, and they dreaded the moment when the farewell must be spoken.

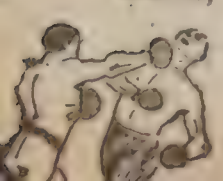
Presently the stairs creaked and a figure crossed the hall.

"Young man," said the girl's father, appearing suddenly at the end of the first hour of the lovers' "Good-bye"; "I have no objection at all to your staying here till sunrise saying sweet nothings, nor even your kicking over the empty milk-cans, but *would* you mind not reclining against the electric bell-push, for it is keeping my wife awake?"

HE'D ENJOY THAT.

Bill Burly, the very brightest star in the heavy-weight world, was strolling along, gorgeously attired in the latest thing in Transatlantic headgear, and rejoicing in the fact that his last fight had put two or three thousand pounds in the bank for him, when he espied Mike Mingey, the once popular but now down-at-heel feather-weight, sidling past him. Bill seized Mike by the arm.

"Come 'ere," he said. "No passing yer ole pals, yer know! Wot? Didn't like to speak to me when you're down and shabby? Stow it! 'Ere!" He produced some shining gold coins, and pressed them into Mike's hand. "Go an' get a blow out an' a new rig out o' clobber, and then come an' stop a few weeks with me. I've got a lovely 'ouse at Tedd'n'ton; you'll 'ave a splendid time! In the mornin' you'll 'ave kidneys an' bacon for breakfast. I know you used to like it, so you'll enjoy that. After, we'll go for a drive in the country; you'll enjoy that. Pull up for one or two quenchers on the way; you'll enjoy that. I got some splendid cigars; you'll enjoy them. You can 'ave the best of everythin' for dinner—duck an' green peas, quails in haspick, anythin'; you'll enjoy that. . . . And afterwards," he proceeded, a gleam coming into his eye, "we'll go into the gym an' put the gloves on, an' I'll knock your —— 'ead off. *You'll enjoy that!*"



LONDON CAMEOS.

VIII. FRATERNITY.

The tube train was crowded.

It was the hour of the evening when offices and shops are closing, and work-a-day humanity hurries homewards in its countless multitudes.

In this particular tube carriage the line of straphangers down the middle was continually being depleted and replenished as the train pulled up at the rapidly-reached stations.

And at one of the stations a small boy got on—product of the streets, unattractively dirty and ragged, with a supply of evening newspapers under his arm. He had quick, bright eyes, set in a colourless, truculent face. He had to take his stand among the other straphangers, there being no seats available. But he was not able to hang on to one of the straps himself, for the simple reason that he was not near tall enough to reach.

Accordingly, he was in a perpetual state of over-balancing—bumping into the man in front, or colliding with the person behind, or stumbling and half falling on to the lap of a seated passenger.

Æsthetic susceptibilities were being rudely affronted.

At last a somewhat stylish young man gave voice to his irritation. "I wish you'd be more careful where you're coming."

And he added, in an undertone, which several heard, "Lousy little beast!"

Another man, a few seats away, laid down his newspaper and looked at the young man and then at the offending urchin.

"Here, Tommy! Come here," he called.

He stretched out a deliberate arm, and took the youngster by the sleeve, putting him on his knees, where he was safe from being an annoyance to anybody.

"Where are you off to?" he inquired of him.

"Out making your living, the same as the rest of us."

And the boy made some repartee, completely at ease. They continued, as brother-men, to chaff each other.

And people looked surprised!

G. A.

Learn to Play Billiards at Home.

It is much easier to learn the game at home than in a public room surrounded by a crowd of spectators. And Riley's Miniature Tables are so true to proportion that once you have learned the strokes on them you are quite qualified to acquit yourself to the full size table. Besides, the table will give you fun in the game and will have an equal share of amusement. The cost creates no difficulty—a small payment will pay for the table in 15 months.

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Billiard Table resting on Dining Table.

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" 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. £7 7 0
" 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in. £9 9 0
" 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in. £10 10 0

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TACKLING AT RUGBY

HOW CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER TACTICS.

"Tackle him lo-ow!" is the cry that every Rugby player has heard bellowed at him in his younger days by the coach during practice matches; but it is a rule that does not hold good in every case, for it is liable to be altered by so many circumstances.

How, for instance, is a tall man to stoop down quickly enough to take a smaller player low? The simple action of bending is often sufficient to give a diminutive dodgy player an opportunity of hopping aside and sprinting past him.

WHERE THE LITTLE MAN SCORES.

It was this reason that gave rise to the widely accepted story that R. T. Finch, the Cambridge half-back, used to dodge down and run under the legs of big men who tried to tackle him. Of course, he didn't; but the truth is, that when a tall man tried to take him low he was always quick enough to give an eel-like wriggle and get away.

What a big man should do against a small one is to fling his arms tightly round both of the other man's, and fall with him. In this way the little man will be allowed no chance of passing.

Herein lies another big point. In tackling, your main object is to stop the *ball*, not the man; so it is no use tackling him if he is in a position to pass. The thing to do is to keep yourself between him and a possible recipient of the ball and to give another man on your own side an opportunity of tackling him in a safer moment.

SCOTCH AND IRISH STYLES.

How should a man tackle another of a size fairly equal to his own? Low, undoubtedly. The reason is that if you go up to a man and coyly embrace him, as feeble tacklers will, round the neck, he will have no difficulty in fending you off, or "handing you off" as it is called at most Rugger-playing schools, and sending you flying. Hunch your shoulders up, stoop well down, and grip him tightly round the body.

Indeed, tackling low is carried to an extreme by the Irish half-backs, who are, perhaps, the finest exponents of tackling in the field at the present time. They simply fall prostrate in front of the advancing runner and grab him round the ankles.

Scottish tacklers, on the other hand, have a method by which the victim is certainly held tighter, though he doesn't generally come such a cropper. Stooping well as they run, the Scotsmen will get one arm round their man's trunk and the other over his shoulder, thus getting a vice-like grip on him.

PRETTY WORK.

Of course, a tackler often has to take his man from all sorts of positions—from the front or the side, or even he may have to sprint after him and take him from the back. The writer saw the loveliest piece of tackling in his life at Queen's Club last season in the match between the Officers of the Army and Navy. R. D. O'H. Lyon, the International who was at back for the Navy, had meandered up the field as he often will, and a speedy Army "three" got past him. He had only about another yard or two to go when Lyon, sprinting like mad, got him by the legs, and then jumped up and touched down like a flash, as the ball trickled over the line.

Finally, one of the weakest things you can possibly do in tackling is to wait for your man. Under no circumstances should a man who has got to bring off a tackle stand still even for a moment. Although it may not be hesitation it looks like it, anyhow, and gives the other increased confidence.

Be on your toes all the time, judge when your intended victim is the right distance away, and then with as great an appearance of ferocity as you can muster, dash in and tackle him.

LL. DAVIES.

INSPECTING TAPS.

On some idle Saturday afternoon you should make an inspection of all the unused water taps in your house. When the first hard frost arrives your foresight will be rewarded, for you will then know which tap disconnects the house supply from the street main, which supplies the kitchen boiler, and so on.

This knowledge will enable you when frost is hard to empty the pipes of water, and thus prevent the danger of their being frozen.

ANOTHER WOOTTON RECORD.

At the time of writing young Frank Wootton has succeeded in breaking a record which had been in existence since 1902. Up till that time nobody had ever ridden as many as 170 winners by the beginning of November, but in that year W. Lane succeeded in piloting that number of horses first past the post. Now, however, young Wootton has gone one better (or rather *two* better), for at the corresponding stage of this year's racing season he had ridden 172 winners.

This gives rise to the question whether he will be able to complete his 200 winning rides before the close of the flat—a performance which, however, seems hardly likely.

LETTER ENDINGS.

For long there has been considerable difficulty in selecting suitable phrases for the winding up of letters, but now custom has evolved rules which are more or less hard and fast.

The right ending for a business letter is "Yours faithfully," or "Faithfully yours," while the word "Very" may be introduced into the phrase to express a greater degree of intimacy and cordiality.

"Yours truly" is regarded as rather a frigid form of ending, and is not very frequently used.

"Yours very sincerely" is the most cordial ending that a man uses for letters except to his most intimate friends, in writing to whom he generally finishes up with some pet phrase of his own, such as "Yours to a cinder," if he is given to slang, or "Ever your own."

FOOTBALL.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS,

BASLE, SWITZERLAND,

Beg to announce that the ENORMOUS ODDS of

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HAVE BEEN LAID AND PAID on October 7.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO ONE SHILLING,

This fortunate client, Mr. Albert Hobden, 8, Guildford Street, Brighton, having predicted four scores successfully.

£1,000 will be paid to any Charity if not GENUINE.

Full particulars will be sent on receipt of a postcard.

If you mention this paper, we will also send you a sample packet FREE OF COST of our famous Football Whiff Cigarettes.

Letters should not bear postmark later than 2 p.m. on Saturday.

Every Match to choose from in the 4 Leagues except Scottish Queen's Park.

Lotinga's Weekly, on October 14th, says:—"White, Fisher, and Co., the world's premier Football Accountants, are undoubtedly one of the most up-to-date firms of modern times."

The Editor of the *Racing Judge*, October 7th, says: "A friend tells us that one of the sights of Basle, Switzerland, is the arrival of White, Fisher & Co.'s mail every Sunday. This well-known firm of Football Accountants has been established for fifteen years, and the magnitude of their business speaks well for their methods."

THE SPORTING TIMES

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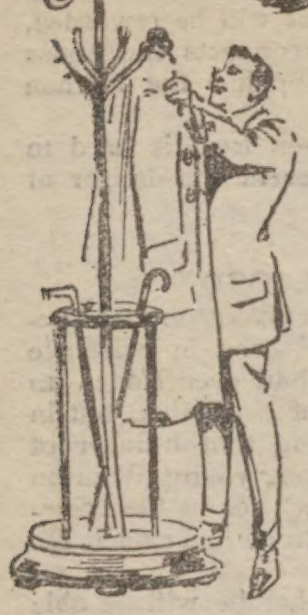
The Outer Man



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

VELVET COLLARS FOR EVENING DRESS.

Many attempts have been made to "brighten" man's evening clothes, but they have been unsuccessful. Some years ago one or two leaders of masculine fashion had suits made of purple, while on another occasion some daring if injudicious spirits attempted to introduce the fashion of wearing knee breeches with evening dress.

Such reformers always speak of the sombreness of evening toggery, and describe their efforts as a movement to relieve its plainness; but it is this very plainness that is the charm in men's evening dress. It is the fact that you are "all of a piece," so to speak—that is, your costume is wholly black and white—that gives evening clothes their attraction. They become a sort of uniform, and, as I have often said, a uniform of any kind makes a man look his best.

The latest attempt to interfere with evening clothes has been the introduction in some quarters of a velvet collar, but I am pleased to say it has not caught on, and velvet collars on evening dress coats are being worn only by a few literary people with long hair, and usually with dirty finger-nails, self-styled Bohemians who erroneously believe that to be dressed differently from other people is to be dressed well.

THE RIGHT CLOTH.

The correct cloth this season for evening dress clothes is called by tailors pinhead cloth. It is a sort of cross between vicuna and elastic twill.

The older style of cloth is not by any means incorrect, but if you are having a new evening dress-suit made you may as well get the latest.

SAVING THE SHINS.

A correspondent informs me that he has recently bought a pair of riding breeches which lace instead of button. He finds that the knot of the lace is pressed into his shins by his leggings, and he wants me to suggest a remedy.

The matter is one of interest to all those who go in for laced breeches and who have not learned the knack of fixing them comfortably.

The whole secret is this. Instead of tying the laces in front, bring them round the leg at the foot of the breeches and fix them at the side, so that the knot comes against the fleshy part of the leg, where it cannot possibly hurt you.

THE WIND FLAP.

At the top of most overcoats there is a little cloth tab or wind flap, which is intended to be buttoned across in front when the coat collar is turned up.

Useful as this contrivance undoubtedly is in bad weather, it is one of those little conveniences that should not be allowed to be obtrusive when not in use. On no account should the wind flap be visible when the coat collar is turned down. If your tailor has been careless in this matter have the two buttons which hold the wind flap cut off and set further back.

Another point worth remembering is to see that the buttonholes of the wind flap have not become too loose and easy fitting, for then it is liable to come unstruck and to get lost, and it is by no means always an easy matter to get a new wind flap of exactly the same material as the coat.

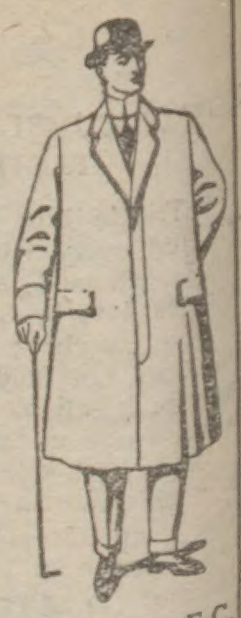
STOCKING TOPS.

A correspondent, whose favourite hobby is cycling, asks my advice regarding ornamental tops to stockings. My advice is not to have ornamental tops at all.

In days gone by the tops of stockings were decorated in weird fashion with large checks, lines, and diamonds in bright colours, contrasting vividly with the rest of the

A RARE COMBINATION

The finest Scotch and English materials, the most expert London cutters and tailors, and the best Bond Street styles. That is the great combination of goods, brains, skill and art that makes McKinley Tailoring supreme. Buy your Winter Overcoat or Suit from us and you will discover what clothes comfort really means. Also you will save money, for our prices compare most favourably with those of other firms.



OVERCOATS (to measure) - 25/- to 45/-
SUITS (to measure) - - 30 - to 50/-
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Carriage Paid. No Extras.

We return your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for our "Booklet MM" and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Samples. They will be sent to you free together with copies of unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley scientific Self-Measurement Chart which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor.

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That Old Suit or Overcoat of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit or overcoat is wrinkled and shabby from holiday wear or business wear, send it to us with a postal order for 3/6.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking almost like a brand-new suit or overcoat.
Our work is not dry-cleaning process. It is practical Tailor-work service.
You must see an old suit or overcoat after being treated by our method. You will be surprised at the result.
Send your old suit or overcoat to-day and a p.o. for 3/6. We pay carriage one way. Alterations and renovations of every description.

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Telephone: North 260 (2 lines). Established 1900.

ELLIS—Artist in CLOTHES.

Twenty years of experience in fitting the most particular men; the most scrupulous care in studying the individual requirements of our customers; the very highest quality of materials—these are the factors that make our garments so distinctive in cut and style.

Our speciality is our

50/- OVERCOAT.

This garment we make in a wide range of materials, patterns of which will be sent if you cannot call. We guarantee a perfect fit, and return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS, 20 & 21, Farringdon St., London, E.C.
(Near Ludgate Circus.)

When answering Advertisements, please mention "The Modern Man."

stocking; but these are things of the past. The fashionable stocking of to-day is of one colour throughout.

The reason for the change is this. The old coloured top formed a break in the covering of the leg, and thus took away from its apparent length. It is length of limb that gives grace to the figure, and as men began to realise this they gave up coloured tops to their stockings and took to plain ones, because by so doing they made their nether limbs appear their full length.

These fancy tops were generally woven very much thicker than the rest of the stocking, and, when turned down over the calf, they made the leg appear abnormally fat. This also detracted from the appearance of the leg and made it seem short. Nobody was deceived into the belief that a leg thus padded with stocking-top was a muscular one.

WORSTED GLOVES.

While I am discussing woollen and woven things, I may as well say a word as to the worsted gloves which the cold weather has made so popular.

A great thing in selecting a pair of worsted gloves is to have them as nearly as possible the same colour as the suit you are wearing.

Thus, for example, if you are wearing a navy blue suit you would wear navy blue, black, or dark grey woollen gloves. White worsted gloves, which were popular a year or two ago, are not much seen now; they made the hands look large and they showed the smallest speck of dirt.

Occasionally one comes across a pair of worsted gloves with an elaborate pattern on the back. These, I need scarcely say, are never worn by men who make any pretence to being well dressed.

GOOD TAILORS.

It is always gratifying to learn that one's advice has been acted upon with satisfactory results, and, therefore, I am pleased to learn from several of my readers that they took advantage of my clothes "tip" of a few weeks ago and placed their winter order with Messrs. C. and G. McKinley, of 7, Gresham Street. I have had quite a number of letters thanking me for my advice, and informing me that the goods supplied by Messrs. McKinley are perfectly satisfactory in every way, and thus the high opinion I had formed of the firm mentioned receives fresh confirmation.

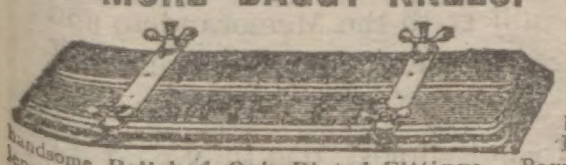
PUTTING ON OVERCOATS.

When you have put on your overcoat there are several things to which you should attend before you button it. In the first place you should slip your hand round to the back of your jacket and pull that well down. You would also pass your fingers round the collar of your overcoat to see that it completely covers your jacket collar.

Next you should slip your fingers inside each cuff of the overcoat to see that your jacket sleeves have been properly pulled down, and it is also well just to feel below the armpits to make sure that there are no unnecessary creases there.

If your overcoat is made with a reversed box-pleat up the back, you should also pass your hand across it to make sure that the cloth is lying in the way intended.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.



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TO HAVE A PERFECT VENTILATED CAP IS TO PREVENT EARLY LOSS OF HAIR.

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I will clean, repair, tailor-press and re-shape your suit or overcoat for the small sum of 3/9.

My process is not that of the dyer and cleaner—it is a tailor process from start to finish.

You will be delighted with my work and you will say that it is worth every penny of the small charge I make.

I am willing to guarantee you satisfaction, and I will refund your money in full if you are not perfectly satisfied with the appearance of your suit or overcoat after I have treated it.

Why not send a suit or an overcoat with a Postal Order for 3/9 now? You run no risk and I pay carriage one way.

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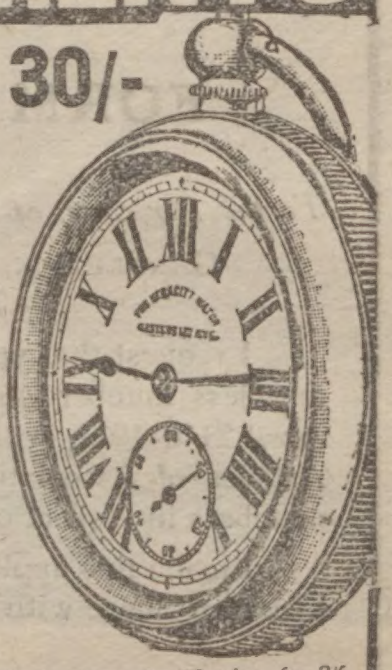

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(when watch is sent), pay 2/6 on delivery, and 5/- monthly for 5 months. Send 2/6 and state which watch preferred, and we send you the most suitable size of Veracity watch, fitted with Lever movement, jewelled action, and solid silver case. Hunting Cases 35/-, Demi-Hunting Cases 40/-; you can have either of the following Veracity Watches for 2/6 deposit (and easy terms as above). Colonial orders solicited.

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Name in full .....
(Give Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

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Profession or Occupation .....

Usual Signature .....

Date ..... 1911.

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